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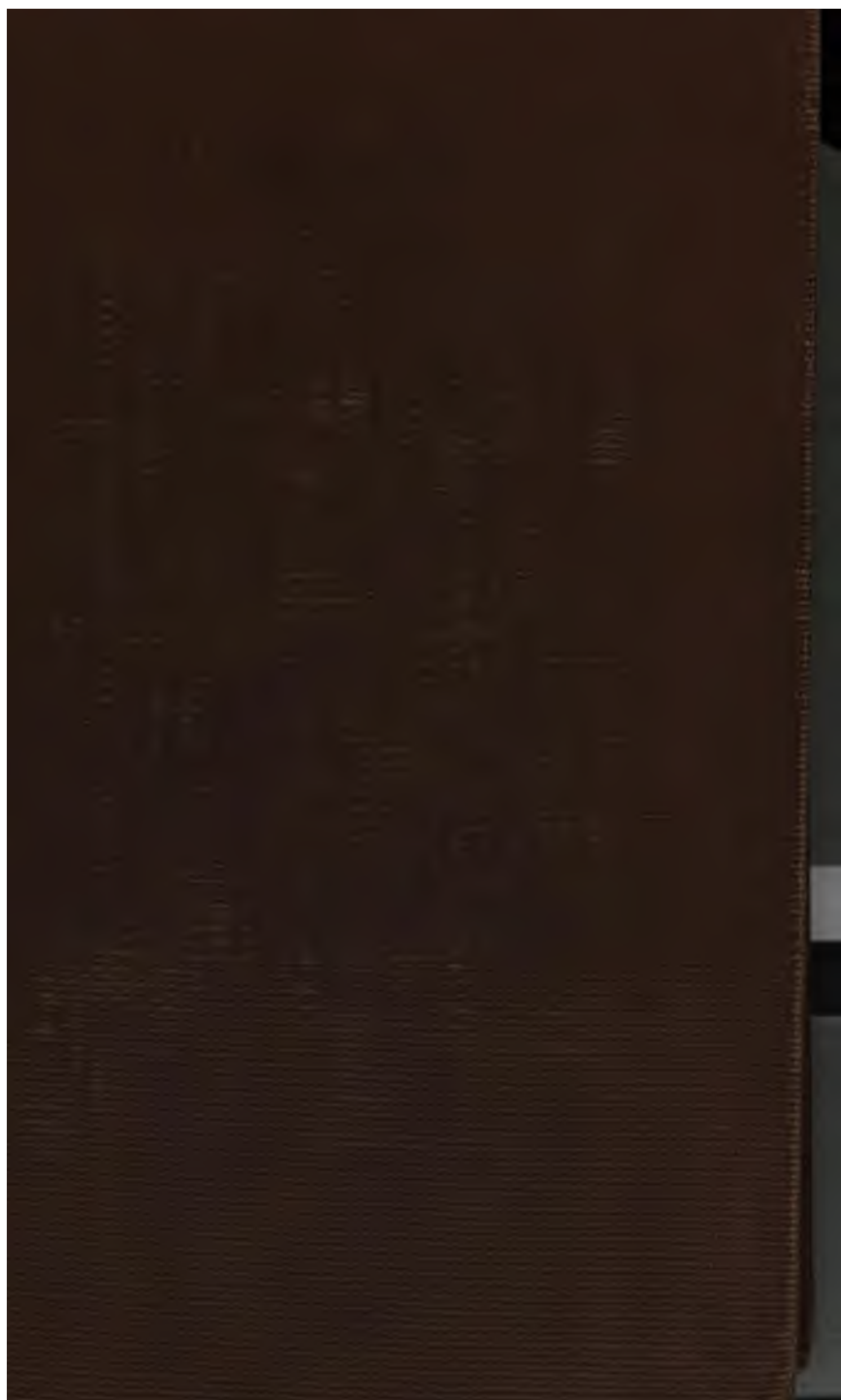
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ANCIENT
Ballads and Songs

OF THE
NORTH OF SCOTLAND,

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES,

By PETER BUCHAN,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES
OF SCOTLAND.

*“The ancient spirit is not dead,—
“Old times, we trust, are living here.”*

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR

W. & D. LAING, AND J. STEVENSON;
A. BROWN & CO. ABERDEEN; J. WYLIE, AND ROBERTSON
AND ATKINSON, GLASGOW; D. MORISON & CO.
PERTH; AND J. DARLING, LONDON.

MDCCCXXVIII.

[Entered in Stationers Hall.]

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ANCIENT
BALLADS AND SONGS

OF THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

The Birth of Robin Hood.

MONY ane talks o' the grass, the grass,
And mony ane o' the corn,
And mony ane talks o' gude Robin Hood,
Kens little whar he was born.

He was gotten in a earl's ha',
And in a lady's bower ;
And born into gude greenwood,
Thro' mony cauld winter's shower.

His father was the earl's own steward,
Sprung frae sma' pedigree ;
His mother, Earl Huntingdon's ae daughter,
For he had nane else but she.

When nine months were near an end,
 And eight months they were gone ;
 The lady's cheeks wi' tears were wet,
 And thus she made her moan :—

What shall I say, my love, Archibald,
 This day for you and me ?
 I will be laid in cauld irons,
 And ye'll be hanged on tree.

What aileth my love Clementina ?
 What gars you mourn sae sair ?
 You know, said she, I'm with child to thee,
 These eight lang months and mair.

Will ye gae to my mother's bower,
 Stands on yon stately green ?
 Or will ye gae to the gude greenwood,
 Where ye will not be seen ?

I winna gang to your mother's bower,
 Stands on yon stately green ;
 But I will on to gude greenwood,
 For I will not be seen.

He's girt his sword down by his side,
 Took his lady by the hand ;
 And they are on thro' gude greenwood,
 As fast as they could gang.

With slowly steps these couple walk'd,
 About miles scarcely three ;
 When this lady, being sair wearied out,
 Lay down beneath a tree.

O for a few of yon junipers,
 To cheer my heart again ;
 And likewise for a gude midwife,
 To ease me of my pain.

I'll bring to you yon junipers,
 To cheer your heart again ;
 And I'll be to you a gude midwife,
 To ease you of your pain.

Had far awa' frae me, Archibald,
 For this will never dee ;
 That's nae the fashion o' our land,
 And its nae be used by me.

Ye'll take your small sword by your side,
 Your buckler and your bow ;
 And ye'll gae down thro' gude greenwood,
 And hunt the deer and roe.

You will stay in gude green wood,
 And with the chase go on ;
 Until yon white hind pass you by,
 Then straight to me ye'll come.

He's girt his sword then by his side,
 His buckler and his bow ;
 And he is on thro' gude greenwood,
 To hunt the deer and roe.

And in the greenwood he did stay,
 And with the chase gaed on ;
 Until the white hind pass'd him by,
 Then to his love he came.

He girt his sword then by his side;
 Fast thro' greenwood went he ;
 And there he found his love lie dead,
 Beneath the green oak tree.

The sweet young babe that she had born,
 Right lively seemed to be ;
 Ohon, alas ! said young Archibald,
 A mournful scene to me !

Altho' my sweet babe is alive,
 This does increase my woe ;
 How to nourish a motherless babe,
 Is mair than I do know.

He looked east, he looked west,
 To see what he could see ;
 Then spied the Earl o' Huntingdon;
 And mony a man him wi'.

Then Archibald fled from the earl's face,
 Among the leaves sae green,
 That he might hear what might be said,
 And see, and nae be seen.

The earl straight thro' the greenwood came,
 Unto the green oak tree ;
 And there he saw his daughter dead,
 Her living child her wi'.

Then he's taen up the little boy,
 Rowed him in his gown sleeve ;
 Said, Tho' your father's to my loss,
 Your mother's to me leave.*

And if ye live until I die,
 My bowers and lands ye'se heir ;
 You are my only daughter's child,
 But her I never had mair.

Ye'se hae all kinds of nourishment,
 And likewise nurses three ;
 If I knew where the fause knave were,
 High hanged should he be.

His daughter he buried in gude church-yard,
 All in a mournful mood ;
 And brought the boy to church that day,
 And christen'd him Robin Hood.

* Leave, near of kin, or sib.

This boy was bred in the earl's ha',
 Till he became a man ;
 But loved to hunt in gude greenwood,
 To raise his noble fame.

King Malcolm and Sir Colvin.

There ance liv'd a king in fair Scotland,
 King Malcolm called by name ;
 Whom ancient history gives record,
 For valour, worth, and fame.

And it fell ance upon a day,
 The king sat down to dine ;
 And then he miss'd a favourite knight,
 Whose name was Sir Colvin.

But out it speaks another knight,
 Ane o' Sir Colvin's kin ;
 He's lyin' in bed right sick in love,
 All for your daughter Jean.

O waes me, said the royal king,
 I'm sorry for the same ;
 She maun take bread and wine sae red,
 Give it to Sir Colvin.

Then gently did she bear the bread,
 Her page did carry the wine ;
 And set a table at his bed,—
 Sir Colvin, rise and dine.

O well love I the wine, lady,
 Come frae your lovely hand ;
 But better love I your fair body,
 Than all fair Scotland's strand.

O hold your tongue now, Sir Colvin,
 Let all your folly be ;
 My love must be by honour won,
 Or nane shall enjoy me.

But on the head o' Elrick's hill,
 Near by yon sharp hawthorn,
 Where never a man with life e'er came
 Sin' our sweet Christ was born ;

O ye'll gang there and walk a' night,
 And boldly blaw your horn ;
 With honour that ye do return,
 Ye'll marry me the morn.

Then up it raise him, Sir Colvin,
 And dress'd in armour keen ;
 And he is on to Elrick's hill,
 Without light o' the meen.

At midnight mark the meen upstarts,
 The knight walk'd up and down ;
 While loudest cracks o' thunder roar'd,
 Out ower the bent sae brown.

Then by the twinkling of an e'e,
 He spied an armed knight ;
 A fair lady bearing his brand,
 Wi' torches burning bright.

Then he cried high as he came nigh,
 Coward, thief, I bid you flee !
 There is not ane comes to this hill,
 But must engage wi' me.

Ye'll best take road before I come,
 And best take foot and flee ;
 Here is a sword baith sharp and broad,
 Will quarter you in three.

Sir Colvin said, I'm not afraid
 Of any here I see ;
 You hae not ta'en your God before,
 Less dread hae I o' thee.

Sir Colvin then he drew his sword,
 His foe he drew his brand ;
 And they fought there on Elrick's hill
 Till they were bluidy men.

The first an' stroke the knight he strake,
 Gae Colvin a slight wound ;
 The next an' stroke Lord Colvin strake,
 Brought's foe unto the ground.

I yield, I yield, the knight he said,
 I fairly yield to thee ;
 Nae ane came e'er to Elrick-hill
 E'er gain'd such victorie.

I and my forbears here did haunt
 Three hundred years and more ;
 I'm safe to swear a solemn oath,
 We were never beat before.

An asking, said the latly gay,
 An asking ye'll grant me.
 Ask on, ask on, said Sir Colvin,
 What may your asking be ?

Ye'll gie me hame my wounded knight,
 Let me fare on my way ;
 And I'se ne'er be seen on Elrick's hill,
 By night, nor yet by day.
 And to this place we'll come nae mair,
 Cou'd we win safe away.

To trouble any Christian one
 Lives in the righteous law ;

We'll come nae mair unto this place,
 Cou'd we win safe awa'.

O ye'se get hame your wounded knight,
 Ye shall not gang alane ;
 But I maun hae a wad o' him,
 Before that we twa twine.

Sir Colvin being a book-learn'd man,
 Sae gude in fencing tee ;
 He's drawn a stroke behind his hand,
 And followed in speedilie.

Sae fierce a stroke Sir Colvin's drawn,
 And followed in speedilie ;
 The knight's brand, and sword hand,
 In the air he gar'd them flee.

It flew sae high into the sky,
 And lighted on the ground ;
 The rings that were on these fingers,
 Were worth five hundred pound.

Up he has ta'en that bluidy hand,
 Set it before the king ;
 And the morn it was Wednesday,
 When he married his daughter Jean.

Young Allan.

All the skippers o' Scarsburgh
Sat drinking at the wine ;
There fell a-rousing them amang,
On an unseally time.

Some there rous'd their hawk, their hawk,
And some there rous'd their hound ;
But young Allan rous'd his comely cog,
As she stood on dry ground.

There's nae a ship in Scarsburgh
Will sail the seas wi' mine,
Except it be the Burgess black,
Or than the smack call'd Twine.

There's nae a ship amang you a'
Will sail alang wi' me,
But the comely cog o' Hecklandhawk,
And flower o' Yermanie,
And the black snakes o' Levelanden,
They are a' gane frae me.

Out it speaks a little wee boy
Stood by young Allan's knee ;
My master has a coal-carrier,
Will take the wind frae thee.

She will gae out under the leaf,
 Come in under the lee ;
 And nine times in a winter night
 She'll turn the wind wi' thee.

When they had wager'd them amang
 Full fifty tuns o' wine,
 Besides as mickle gude black silk
 As clathe their lemans fine ;

When all the rest went to the tows
 All the whole night to stay ;
 Young Allan he went to his bower,
 There with his God to pray.

There shall nae man gang to my ship
 Till I say mass, and dine ;
 And take my leave o' my lady,
 Gae to my bonny ship syne.

Then they sail'd east on Saturday,
 On Sunday sailed west ;
 Likewise they sailed on Mononday
 Till twelve, when they did rest.

At midnight dark the wind up stark
 And seas began to rout ;
 Till Allan, and his bonny new ship,
 Gaed three times witherlands about.

O, sighing, says the young Allan,
 I fear a deadly storm ;
 For mony a heaving sinking sea,
 Strikes sair on my ship's stern.

Where will I get a little wee boy
 Will take my helm in hand,
 Till I gang up to my tapmast,
 And see for some dry land.

O, waken, waken your drunken men,
 As they lye drunk wi' wine ;
 For when ye came thro' Edinbro' town,
 Ye bought them sheen o' ben'.

There was nae shoe made for my foot,
 Nor gluve made for my hand ;
 But nevertheless, my dear master,
 I'll take your helm in hand,
 Till ye gang to the tall tapmast,
 And look for some dry land.

And here am I, a little wee boy,
 Will take your helm in han',
 Till ye gang up to your tapmast,
 But, master, stay not lang.

I cannot see nae day, nae day,
 Nor nae meathe can I ken ;

But mony a bonny feather bed
 Lyes floating on the faem.
 And the comely cog o' Normanshore,
 She never will gang hame.

The comely cog o' Nicklingame
 Came sailing by his hand ;
 Says, Gae down, gae down, ye gude skipper,
 Your ship sails on the sand.

Come down, come down, my gude master,
 Ye see not what I see ;
 For thro' and thro' our comely cog
 I see the green haw sea !

Take fifty ells o' gude canvas,
 And wrap the ship a' round ;
 And pick her weell, and spare her not,
 And make her hale and sound.

If ye will sail, my bonny ship,
 Till we come to dry land,
 For ilka iron nail in you,
 Of gowd there shall be ten.

The ship she listen'd all the while,
 And hearing of her hire,
 She flew as swift threw the saut sea
 As sparks do frae the fire.

The first an' shore that they came till,
 They ca'd it Howdoloot;
 Wi' drums beating, and cannons shouting,
 They held our gude ship out.

The next an' shore that they came till,
 They ca'd it Howdilee;
 Wi' drums beating, and fifes playing,
 They bare her to the sea.

The third an' shore that they came till,
 They ca'd it Howdilin;
 Wi' drums beating, and pipes playing,
 They tow'd our gude ship in.

The sailors walk'd upon the shore,
 Wi' their auld baucheld sheen;
 And thanked God, and their Lady,
 That brought them safe again.

For we went out o' Scarsburgh
 Wi' fifty ships and three;
 But nane o' them came back again,
 But young Allan, ye see.

Come down, come down, my little wee boy,
 Till I pay you your fee;
 I hae but only ae daughter,
 And wedded to her ye'se be.

Sir Niel and Mac Uan.

Far in yon Isles beyond Argyle,
Where flocks and herds were plenty,
Liv'd a rich heir, whose sister fair
Was flower ower a' that country.

A knight, Sir Niel, had woo'd her lang,
Intending for to marry ;
But when she saw the young Glengyle,
He wan her heart entirely.

Then tidings to her brother came,
Sir Niel had boasted proudly,
In favours of his sister fair,
This made him to swear roudly.

Swearing for all the friendship past,
If ance he saw the morning,
This knight by him shou'd breathe his last,
Or make him rue his scorning.

Down on yon shore where wild waves roar,
A challenge he did send him ;
Before the sun, these two men met,
Nae seconds to attend them.

What ails, what ails my dearest friend ?
 Why want you to destroy me ?
 I want nae flattery from Sir Niel,
 Unsheathe your sword and try me.

I will not fight with you, Mac Van,
 You never me offended ;
 And if I aught to you have done,
 I'll own my fault, and mend it.

Does this become sae brave a knight ?
 Does blood sae much surprise you ?
 And if you do refuse to fight,
 I'll like a dog chastise you.

O, foolish man, don't tempt your fate,
 Nør don't presume to strike me ;
 Remember, nae in fair Scotland
 Can wield the broad-sword like me.

The sword, you say, can handle well,
 And boasteth very boldly ;
 Your boasting is set off with skill,
 Your actions seem but cowardly.

He being mad at this abuse,
 A furious stroke he darted,
 Into the breast of bold Mac Van,
 Who with a groan departed.

Curse on my skill, what have I done ?
 Rash man, but you would have it,
 To force a friend to take thy life,
 Who would lose blood to save it !

Now, woe is me, for this I die,
 And now it cannot be mended ;
 That happiness that was sae nigh,
 By one rash stroke is ended.

But I'll exile to some foreign isle,
 To fly I know not whither ;
 I darena face my bonny Ann,
 When I hae slain her brither.

Then casting round a mournful eye,
 To see that nane was nigh him ;
 There he saw the young Glengyle,
 Who like the wind came flying.

I've come too late to stop the strife,
 But since you've been victorious,
 Upon your life I'll be reveng'd,
 My honour bids me do this.

Then with Glengyle he did enclose,
 Not meaning for to harm him ;
 And thrice with wounds he did him pierce,
 Yet he could scarce discern them.

Yield up your sword to me, Glengyle,
 Our quarrel's honour founded ;
 I could hae pierc'd thy dauntless breast,
 Three times I have you wounded.

Then saying so, he quit his ground,
 Glengyle with this advanced,
 And pierc'd the heart of brave Sir Niel
 Till the spear behind him glanced.

Then falling down, he cried, I'm slain,
 Adieu to all things earthly !
 Farewell, Glengyle, the day's your ain,
 But ye hae won it basely.

When tidings came to Lady Ann,
 Times after times she fainted ;
 She ran and kiss'd their clay-cold lips,
 And thus her case lamented :—

O thou, the guardian of my youth,
 My young, my only brother,
 Alas ! for thy untimely end,
 I'll mourn till life is over !

And thou, my love, why wast thou slain,
 All in thy youthful blossom ;
 Nae mair I'll love that treach'rous man,
 That pierc'd thy manly bosom.

Thou tender-hearted wast and true,
 Thy honour's been abused ;
 A braver man ne'er faced a foe,
 Had you been fairly used.

For you a maid I'll live and die,
 Glengyle shall ne'er espouse me ;
 Till seven years are come and gane,
 The dowie black shall clothe me.

Lord John's Murder.

Lord John stands in his stable door,
 Says he, I will gae ride ;
 His lady, in her bigly bower,
 Desired him to bide.

How can I bide, how can I bide ?
 How shall I bide wi' thee ?
 When I hae kill'd your ae brother,
 You hae nae mair but he.

If ye hae kill'd my ae brother,
 Alas ! and wae is me ;
 If ye be well yoursell, my love,
 The less matter will be !

Ye'll do you to yon bigly bower,
 And take a silent sleep ;
 And I'll watch in my highest tower,
 Your fair body to keep.

She has shut her bigly bower,
 All wi' a silver pin ;
 And done her to the highest tower,
 To watch that nane come in.

But as she looked round about,
 To see what she could see,
 There she saw nine armed knights
 Come riding o'er the lea.

God make you safe and free, lady,
 God make you safe and free !
 Did you see a bludy knight
 Come riding o'er the lea.

O, what like was his hawk, his hawk ?
 And what like was his hound ?
 If his steed has ridden well,
 He's pass'd fair Scotland's strand.

Come in, come in, gude gentlemen,
 And take white bread and wine ;
 And aye the better ye'll pursue,
 The lighter that ye dine.

We thank you for your bread, lady,
 We thank you for the wine ;
 And I wou'd gie my lands sae broad,
 Your fair body were mine.

She has gane to her bigly bower,
 Her ain gude lord to meet ;
 A trusty brand he quickly drew,
 Gae her a wound sae daep.

What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire,
 To wreak itself on me,
 When thus I strove to save thy life,
 Yet served for sic a fee ?

Ohon, alas ! my lady gay,
 To come sae hastilie ;
 I thought it was my deadly foe,
 Ye had trysted into me.

O live, O live, my gay lady,
 The space o' ae half hour,
 And nae a leech in a' the land
 But I'se bring to your bower.

How can I live, how shall I live ?
 How can I live for thee ?
 Ye see my blude rin on the ground,
 My heart's blude by your knee !

O take to flight, and flee, my love,
 O take to flight, and flee!
 I wou'dna wish your fair body
 For to get harm for me.

Ae foot I winna flee, lady,
 Ae foot I winna flee;
 I've dune the crime worthy o' death,
 It's right that I shou'd die.

O deal ye well at my love's lyke,
 The beer, but an' the wine;
 For, ere the morn, at this same time,
 Ye'll deal the same at mine.

The Duke of Athole's Nurse.

As I gaed in yon greenwood side,
 I heard a fair maid singing;
 Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete,
 That all the woods were ringing.

O, I'm the Duke o' Athole's nurse,
 My post is well becoming;
 But I wou'd gie a' my half-year's fee,
 For ae sight o' my leman.

Ye say, ye're the Duke o' Athole's nurse,
 Your post is well becoming ;
 Keep well, keep well your half-year's fee,
 Ye'se hae twa sights o' your leman.

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,
 And cannilie kiss'd his dearie ;
 Ohon, and alake ! anither has my heart,
 And I darena mair come near thee !

Ohon, and alake ! if anither hae your heart,
 These words hae fairly undone me ;
 But let us set a time, tryst to meet again,
 Then in gude friends you will twine me !

Ye will do you down to yon tavern house,
 And drink till the day be dawing ;
 And, as sure as I ance had a love for you,
 I'll come there and clear your lawing.

Ye'll spare not the wine, altho' it be fine,
 Nae Malago, tho' it be rarely ;
 But ye'll aye drink the bonnie lassie's health
 That's to clear your lawing fairly.

Then he's done him down to yon tavern house,
 And drank till day was dawing ;
 And aye he drank the bonny lassie's health
 That was coming to clear his lawing.

And aye as he birl'd, and aye as he drank,
 The gude beer and the brandy ;
 He spar'd not the wine, altho' it was fine,
 The sack nor the sugar candy.

It's a wonder to me, the knight he did say,
 My bonnie lassie's sae delaying ;
 She promis'd, as sure as she loved me ance,
 She wou'd be here by the dawing.

He's done him to a shott window,
 A little before the dawing ;
 And there he spied her nine brothers bauld,
 Were coming to betray him.

Where shall I rin, where shall I gang,
 Or where shall I gang hide me ?
 She that was to meet me in friendship this day,
 Has sent nine men to slay me !

He's gane to the landlady o' the house,
 Says, O can you supply me ?
 For she that was to meet me in friendship this day,
 Has sent nine men to slay me !

She gae him a suit o' her ain female claise,
 And set him to the baking ;
 The bird never sang mair sweet on the bush,
 Nor the knight sung at the baking.

As they came in at the ha' door,
 Sae loudly as they rappit ;
 And when they came upon the floor,
 Sae loudly as they chappit.

O, had ye a stranger here last night,
 Who drank till the day was dawing ?
 Come, show us the chamber where he lyes in,
 We'll shortly clear his lawing.

I had nae stranger here last night,
 That drank till the day was dawing ;
 But ane that took a pint, and paid it ere he went,
 And there's naething to clear o' his lawing.

A lad amang the rest, being o' a merry mood,
 To the young knight fell a-talking ;
 The wife took her foot, and gae him a kick,
 Says, Be busy, ye jilt, at your baking.

They stabbed the house, baith but and ben,
 The curtains they spared nae riving ;
 And for a' that they did search and ca',
 For a kiss o' the knight they were striving.

THE

Laird of Southland's Courtship.

As I went out to take the air,
'Twas in the winter weather ;
The bonniest lass that e'er I saw,
Was gieing the nowt their fodder.

O, bonny lass, gin ye were mine,
I wou'd maintain you idle ;
I'd gie you a horse to ride upon,
A man to lead your bridle.

Ye are not he that's fit for me,
Because ye are no ploughman ;
And I'm not she that's fit for thee,
To enjoy the lands o' Southland.

O, bonny lass, gin ye'd fancy me,
And never take another,
I wadna lat you to barn nor byre,
Nor gie the nowt their fodder.

I thank you kindly, sir, she says,
I thank you for your offer ;
But I maun wed some ploughman lad,
Because I hae nae tocher.

Now when he heard her mean estate,
 And that she had nae tocher ;
 He's taen his leave o' her that night,
 In hopes to live without her.

He's done him to his ain countrie,
 Thinking to choice another ;
 But minded aye on the bonny May
 Was gieing the nowt their fodder.

It fell about the month o' May,
 When meadows were a mawing,
 There he has done him in that way,
 To see how they were thriving.

As he gaed in yon fields o' grass,
 And low down in yon valley ;
 There he saw the very same lass,
 Like the primrose, or the lily.

O, bonny lass, gin ye'd fancy me,
 I wou'd become a ploughman ;
 I will had, and my love will ca',
 In the merry lands o' Southland.

O, when I tauld you my mean estate,
 And that I had nae tocher,
 Ye went your way, bade me adieu,
 So begone, false man, for ever.

If ye love me, as I love thee,
 Sin' the first hour I saw thee ;
 Ye wou'd hae granted love for love,
 And nae langer wou'd awe me.

My father's a poor shepherd man,
 That gaes his flocks a-feeding ;
 And I mysell, a maiden am,
 Hae neither gowd nor breeding.

A maiden mean altho' you be,
 I am the laird o' Snipie ;
 I'll plough the sma' streams o' the sea,
 If my aged parents slight thee.

O, bonny lass, ye'll gang wi' me,
 And lea' this langsome meadow ;
 I'll make you lady o' nine mills,
 If ye become my widow.

Sae thus they kiss'd and spent their time,
 Till darksome night did cover ;
 And she's become a lady fine,
 By gieing the nowt their fodder.

Now she rides in a gilded coach,
 Wi' servants to attend her ;
 She gangs nae mair to barn nor byre,
 Nor gies the nowt their fodder.

Ye lasses a' baith great and sma',
 And ladies altogether ;
 Think it nae degrade upon your name,
 To gie the nowt their fodder.

If I had got my ploughman lad,
 I wou'd never hae fancied another,
 I could hac laid by my royal robes,
 And gien the nowt their fodder.

Burd Helen.

The knight stands in his stable door,
 Says he, I will gae ride ;
 A lady stands in her bower door,
 Says, I'll ride by your side.

Ye shall not follow me, burd Helen,
 Except ye do this deed ;
 That is to saddle to me my horse,
 And bridle to me my steed,
 And every town that ye come to,
 A liegh o' hounds to lead.

I will saddle to you your horse,
 See will I bridle your steed ;

And every town that we come to,
A liesh o' hounds I'll lead.

Take warning a', ye maidens fair,
That wear scarlet and brown ;
In virtue leave your lammas beds,
To follow knights frae town.

My dogs shall eat the white bread, Helen,
And you the dust and bran ;
And you will sigh and say, alas !
That e'er our loves began.

Your dogs may eat the gude white bread,
And I the dust and bran ;
Yet will I sing and say, well's me,
That e'er our loves began.

My horse shall drink the gude red wine,
And you the water wan ;
And then you'll sigh and say, alas !
That e'er our loves began.

Your horse may drink the gude red wine,
And I the water wan ;
But yet I'll sing, and say, well's me,
That e'er our loves began.

Then Willie lap on his white steed,
And straight awa' did ride ;

Burd Helen drest in men's array,
She walked by his side.

But he was ne'er sae lack a knight,
As ance wou'd bid her ride ;
And she was ne'er sae mean a May,
As ance wou'd bid him bide.

Sweet Willie råde, burd Helen ran,
A livelang summer's tide,
Until she came to wan water,
For a' men ca's it Clyde.

The first an' step that she wade in,
She wadit to the knee ;
Ohon, alas ! said that fair maid,
This water's nae for me.

The next an' step that she wade in,
She wadit to the pap ;
The babe within her sides twa,
Cauld water gart it quack.

Lie still, lie still, my bonny bairn,
For a' this winna dee ;
Your father rides on high horseback,
Minds neither you nor me.

In the midst of Clyde's water,
There stands a yird-fast stone ;

There he leant him ower his saddle bow,
 And set that lady on;
 And brought her to the other side,
 Then set her down again.

O see ye not yon goodly towers,
 And gowd towers stand sae his;
 There is a lady in yonder bower,
 Will sinder you and me.

I wish nae ill to your lady,
 She ne'er wish'd nane to me;
 But I wish the maid maist o' your love,
 That drees far mair for thee.

I wish nae ill to your lady,
 She ne'er comes in my thought;
 But I wish the maid maist o' your love,
 That dearest hae you bought.

Four an' twenty gay ladies,
 Led Willie thro' bower and ha';
 But the fairest lady amo' them a',
 Led his horse to the sta'.

Four an' twenty gay ladies,
 Were a' at dinner set;
 Burd Helen sat at a by table,
 A bit she sou'dna eat.

Out it spake her dow Isabel,
 (A skilly dame was she ;)
 O whare got ye this five foot page,
 Ye've brought along wi' thee ?

Sometimes his colour waxes red,
 Sometimes it waxes wan ;
 He is liker a woman big wi' bairn,
 Nor be a waiting man.

Win up, win up, my boy, he says,
 At my bidding to be ;
 And gang and supper my gude steed,
 See he be litter'd tee.

Then she is into stable gane,
 Shut tee the door wi' a pin ;
 And even amang Willie's horse feet
 Brought hame her bonny young son.

When day was gane, and night was come,
 And a' man bound for bed ;
 Sweet Willie and dow Isabel
 In ae chamber were laid.

They hadna been well lien down,
 Nor yet well faen asleep ;
 Till up it wakens sweet Willie,
 And stood at dow Isabel's feet.

I dream'd a dreary dream this night,
 I wish it may be for guid;
 Some rogue has broke my stable door,
 And stown awa' my steed.

Win up, win up, now dow Isabel,
 At my bidding to be;
 And ye'll gae to my stable door,
 See that be true or lie.

When she gae'd to the stable door,
 She heard a grievous groan;
 She thought she heard a bairn greet,
 But and a woman's moan.

When I was in my bigly bower,
 I wore but what I would;
 This night I'm lighter 'mang Willie's horse feet,
 I fear I'll die for cold.

When I was in my bigly bower,
 I wore gold to my tae;
 This night I'm lighter 'mang Willie's horse feet,
 And fear I'll die or day.

When I was in my bigly bower,
 I wore scarlet and green;
 This night I'm lighter 'mang Willie's horse feet,
 And fear I'll die my lane.

Dow Isbel now came tripping hame,
 As fast as gang cou'd she ;
 I thought your page was not a man,
 Ye brought along wi' thee.

As I gaed to your stable, Willie,
 I heard a grievous groan ;
 I thought I heard a bairn greet,
 But and a woman's moan.

She said, when in her bigly bower,
 She wore but what she would ;
 But this night is lighter 'mang your horse feet,
 And fears she'll die for cold.

She said, when in her bigly bower,
 She wore gold to her tae ;
 But this night is lighter 'mang your horse feet,
 And fears she'll die or day.

Win up, win up, now sweet Willie,
 At my bidding to be ;
 And speak some comfort to the maid,
 That's dreed sae much for thee.

He is to the stable door gane,
 As fast as gang cou'd he ;
 O open, O open, burd Helen, he says,
 Ye'll open the door to me.

That was never my mother's custom,
 And hope its never be mine ;
 A knight into her companie,
 When she drees a' her pine.

O open the door, burd Helen, he says,
 O open the door to me ;
 For as my sword hangs by my gair,
 I'll gar it gang in three.

How can I open, how shall I open,
 How can I open to thee ;
 When lying amang your great steed's feet,
 ● Your young son on my knee ?

He hit the door then wi' his foot,
 Sae did he wi' his knee ;
 Till doors o' deal, and locks o' steel,
 In splinters gart he flee.

An asking, asking, sweet Willie,
 An asking ye'll grant me ;
 The warst in bower in a' your towers,
 For thy young son and me.

Your asking's nae sae great, burd Helen,
 But granted it shall be ;
 The best in bower in a' my towers
 For my young son and thee.

An asking, asking, sweet Willie,
 An asking ye'll grant me ;
 The warst an' woman about your bowers,
 To wait on him and me.

The best an' woman about my bowers,
 To wait on him and thee ;
 And that's my sister dow Isabel,
 And a gude woman is she.

Ye will take up my little young son,
 And wash him wi' the milk ;
 And ye'll take up my gay lady,
 And row her in the silk.

Be favourable to my lady,
 Be favourable, if ye may ;
 Her kirking and her fair wedding
 Shall baith stand on ae day.

There is not here a woman living
 But her shall be my bride ;
 And all is for the fair speeches
 I got free her at Clyde.

Lord Livingston.

It fell about the Lammas time,
When wightsmen won their hay ;
A' the squires in merry Linkum,
Went a' forth till a play.

They play'd until the evening tide,
The sun was gaeing down ;
A lady thro' plain fields was bound,
A lily leesome thing.

Two squires that for this lady pledged,
In hopes for a renown ;
The one was call'd the proud Seaton,
The other Livingston.

When will ye, Michaell o' Livingston,
Wad for this lady gay ?
To-morrow, to-morrow, said Livingston,
To-morrow, if you may.

Then they hae wadded their wagers,
And laid their pledges down ;
To the high castle o' Edinbro'
They made them ready boun'.

The chamber that they did gang in,
 There it was daily dight;
 The kipples were like the gude red gowd,
 As they stood up in hight;
 And the roof-tree like the siller white,
 And shin'd like candles bright.

The lady fair into that ha'
 Was comely to be seen;
 Her kirtle was made o' the pa',
 Her gowns seem'd o' the green.

Her gowns seem'd like green, like green,
 Her kirtle o' the pa';
 A siller wand intill her hand,
 She marshall'd ower them a'.

She gae every knight a lady bright,
 And every squire a May;
 Her ownsell chose him, Livingston,
 They were a comely tway.

Then Seaton started till his foot,
 The fierce flame in his e'e:
 On the next day, wi' sword in hand,
 On plain fields, meet ye me.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' man bound for bed;

Lord Livingston, and his fair dame,
In bed were sweetly laid.

The bed, the bed, where they lay in,
Was cover'd wi' the pa';
A covering o' the gude red gowd,
Lay nightly ower the twa.

So they lay there till on the morn,
The sun shone on their feet;
Then up it raise him, Livingston,
To draw to him a weed.

The first an' weed that he drew on,
Was o' the linen clear;
The next an' weed that he drew on,
It was a weed o' weir.

The niest an' weed that he drew on,
Was gude iron and steel;
Twa gloves o' plate, a gowden helmet,
Became that hind-chiel weel.

Then out it speaks that lady gay,
A little forbye stood she;
I'll dress mysell in men's array,
Gae to the fields for thee.

O God forbid, said Livingston,
That e'er I dree the shame;

My lady slain in plain fields,
And I coward knight at hame.

He scarcely travelled frae the town
A mile but barely twa;
Till he met wi' a witch woman,
I pray to send her wae.

This is too gude a day, my lord,
To gang sae far frae town;
This is too gude a day, my lord,
On field to make you boun'.

I dream'd a dream concerning thee,
O read ill dreams to guid!
Your bower was full o' milk-white swans,
Your bride's bed full o' bluid.

O bluid is gude, said Livingston,
To bide it whose may;
If I be frae yon plain fields,
Nane knew the plight I lay.

Then he rade on to plain fields,
As swift's his horse cou'd he;
And there he met the proud Seaton,
Come boldly over the lee.

Come on to me, now Livingston,
Or then take foot and flee;

This is the day that we must try,
Who gains the victorie.

Then they fought with sword in hand,
Till they were bluidy men ;
But on the point o' Seaton's sword.
Brave Livingston was slain.

His lady lay ower castle wa',
Beholding dale and down ;
When Blenchant brave, his gallant steed,
Came prancing to the town.

O where is now my ain gude lord,
He stays sae far frae me ?
O dinna ye see your ain gude lord,
Stand bleeding by your knee ?

O live, O live, Lord Livingston,
The space o' ae half hour ;
There's nae a leech in Edinbro' town,
But I'll bring to your door.

Awa' wi' your leeches, lady, he said,
Of them I'll be the waur ;
There's nae a leech in Edinbro' town,
That can strong death debar.

Ye'll take the lands o' Livingston,
And deal them liberallie ;

To the auld that may not, the young that cannot,
 And blind that does na see.
 And help young maidens' marriages,
 That has nae gear to gie.

My mother got it in a book,
 The first night I was born ;
 I wou'd be wedded till a knight,
 And him slain on the morn.

But I will do for my love's sake
 What ladies woudna thole ;
 Ere seven years shall hae an end,
 Nae shoe's gang on my sole.

There's never lint gang on my head,
 Nor kame gang in my hair ;
 Nor ever coal nor candle light,
 Shine in my bower mair.

When seven years were near an end,
 The lady she thought lang ;
 And wi' a crack her heart did brake,
 And sae this ends my sang.

Fause Sir John and May Colvin.

Heard ye ever of a bludy knight,
Lived in the west countrie?
For he's betrayed eight virgins fair,
And drowned them in the sea.

All ladies of a gude account,
As ever yet were known;
This traitor was a baron knight,
They call'd him fause Sir John.

Then he is gane to May Colvin,
She was her father's heir;
The greatest beauty o' that age,
I solemnly declare.

Thou art the darling of my heart,
I say, fair May Colvin;
So far excells thy beauties great,
That ever I hae seen.

But I'm a knight of wealth and might,
Hae towers, towns twenty-three;
And ye'se be lady o' them a',
If ye will gang wi' me.

Excuse me then, O gude Sir John,
 To wed I am too young;
 Without ye hae my parents' leave,
 With you I darena come.

Your parents' leave ye soon shall have,
 To this they will agree;
 For I hae made a solemn vow,
 This night ye se gang wi' me.

Frae below his arm, he's pull'd a charm,
 And stuck it in her sleeve;
 And he has made her gang wi' him,
 Withour her parents' leave.

Much gowd and siller she has brought,
 Wi' her five hunder pound;
 The best an' steed her father had,
 She's ta'en to ride upon.

Sae privately they rade away,
 They made nae stop nor stay;
 Till they came to that fatal end,
 That ye ca' Binyan's bay.

It being in a lonely place,
 Nae habitation nigh;
 The fatal rocks were tall and steep,
 And nane cou'd hear her cry.

12 Light down, light down, fair May Colvin,
 Light down, and speak wi' me;
 For here I've drown'd eight virgins brave,
 And you the ninth mair be.

Are these your bowers and lefty towers,
 Sae beautiful and gay?
 Or is it for my gold, she says,
 You take my life away?

Cast aff, cast aff your jewels fine,
 Sae costly, rich, and rare;
 For they're too costly, and too fine,
 To sink in the sea ware.

Then aff she's ta'en her jewels fine,
 And thus she made her moan;
 Hae mercy on a virgin young,
 I pray you, gude Sir John!

Cast aff, cast aff, fair May Colvin,
 Your gown and petticoat;
 For they're too costly, and too fine,
 To rot by the sea rock.

Take all I have my life to save,
 O gude Sir John, I pray;
 Let it ne'er be said you killed a maid,
 Before her wedding day.

Strip ~~aff~~, strip ~~aff~~, your Holland smock,
 That's border'd wi' the lawn;
 For it's too costly, and too fine,
 To toss on the sea sand.

O turn ye round, O gude Sir John,
 Your back about to me;
 It is not comely for a man
 A naked woman to see.

But, as Sir John he turn'd him round,
 She threw him in the sea;
 Says, Lye ye there, ye fause Sir John,
 For ye thought to lay me.

O lye ye there, ye traitor fause,
 For ye thought to lay me;
 Altho' ye stript me to the skin,
 Ye'se get your claise wi' thee.

Then on she puts her jewels fine,
 Sae costly, rich, and brave;
 And then wi' speed she mounts her steed,
 Sae well's she did behave.

This maiden fair being void of fear,
 The steed was swift and free;
 And she has reach'd her father's house
 Before the clock struck three.

First she call'd the stable groom,
 Who was her waiting man ;
 As soon's he heard his lady's word,
 He came wi' cap in han'.

Where hast thou been, fair May Colvin ?
 Who owes this dapple gray ?
 It is a found ane, she replied,
 That I got on the way.

Then out it speaks the wylie parrot,
 Unto fair May Colvin ;
 What hast thou made o' fause Sir John,
 That ye went wi' yestreen ?

O had your tongue, my pretty parrot,
 And talk nae mair o' me ;
 For when ye got ae meal a-fore,
 My parrot, ye'se hae threes.

Then out it speaks her father dear,
 In the chamber where he lay ;
 What aileth thee, my pretty parrot,
 To chat sae lang ere day ?

The cat she scratch'd at my cage door,
 The thief I cou'dna see ;
 And I am calling on May Colvin,
 To take the cat frae me.

But first she tauld her father dear
 The deed that she had done ;
 Likewise unto her mother dear,
 Concerning fause Sir John.

If that be true, fair May Colvin,
 That ye hae tauld to me ;
 The morn, ere I eat or drink,
 This fause Sir John I'll see.

Sae aff they went, wi' ae consent,
 By the dawning o' the day ;
 Until they came to Charlestown sands,
 And there his corpse it lay.

His body tall, with that great fall,
 With waves toss'd to and fro,
 The diamond ring that he had on,
 Was broken in pieces two.

They hae taken up his corpse
 To yonder pleasant green ;
 And there they buried fause Sir John,
 For fear he shou'd be seen.

Ye ladies a', wherever you be,
 That read this mournful song ;
 I pray you mind on May Colvin,
 And think on fause Sir John.

Aff they've taen his jewels fine,
 To keep in memory ;
 And sae I end my mournful sang,
 And fatal tragedy.

Willie's Lyke Wake.

If my love loves me, she lets me not know,
 That is a dowie chance ;
 I wish that I the same could do,
 Tho' my love were in France, France,
 Tho' my love were in France.

O lang think I, and very lang,
 And lang think I, I true ;
 But lang and langer will I think,
 Or my love o' me rue, rue,
 Or my love o' me rue.

I will write a broad letter,
 And write it sae perfite,
 That an she winna o' me rue,
 I'll bid her come to my lyke, lyke,
 I'll bid her come to my lyke.

Then he has written a broad letter,
 And seal'd it wi' his hand,
 And sent it on to his true love,
 As fast as boy could gang, gang,
 As fast as boy could gang.

When she looked the letter upon,
 A light laugh then gae she;
 But ere she read it to an end,
 The tear blinded her e'e, e'e,
 The tear blinded her e'e.

O saddle to me a steed, father,
 O saddle to me a steed;
 For word is come to me this night,
 That my true love is dead, dead,
 That my true love is dead.

The steeds are in the stable, daughter,
 The keys are casten by;
 Ye cannot won to-night, daughter,
 To-morrow ye'se won away, away,
 To-morrow ye'se won away.

She has cut aff her yellow locks,
 A little aboon her e'e;
 And she is on to Willie's lyke,
 As fast as gang could she, she,
 As fast as gang could she.

As she gaed ower yon high hill head,
 She saw a dowie light ;
 It was the candles at Willie's lyke,
 And torches burning bright, bright,
 And torches burning bright.

Three o' Willie's eldest brothers
 Were making for him a bier ;
 One half o' it was gude red gowd,
 The other siller clear, clear,
 The other siller clear.

Three o' Willie's eldest sisters
 Were making for him a sark ;
 The one half o' it was cambric fine,
 The other needle wark, wark,
 The other needle wark.

Out spake the youngest o' his sisters,
 As she stood on the fleer ;
 How happy would our brother been,
 If ye'd been sooner here, here,
 If ye'd been sooner here !

She lifted up the green covering,
 And gae him kisses three ;
 Then he look'd up into her face,
 The blythe blink in his e'e, e'e,
 The blythe blink in his e'e.

O then he started to his feet,
 And thus to her said he :
 Fair Annie, since we're met again,
 Parted nae mair we'se be, be,
 Parted nae mair we'se be

Nathaniel Gordon.

Widow, are ye sleeping yet ?
 Or, widow, are ye waking ?
 Ye'll open the gin, let me come in,
 And me, your only darling.

Ye're het and warm in your bed,
 And I'm baith wet and weary ;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 Come to your bed my deary.
 Widow, &c.

He kiest aff his scarlet coat,
 He weared, being a serjeant ;
 Likewise kiest aff his beaver hat,
 And he lay down beside her.
 Widow, &c.

If Mess John hear o' our tricks,
 I fear he'll scandalize me ;
 But I shall hang him o'er a deese,
 My widow if he steer thee.
 . . . Widow, &c.

But what gin we a bairn get,
 The country will abuse us ?
 'And what gin we a bairn get,
 The kirkmen will ill use us ?
 . . . Widow, &c.

But if it be a lad bairn,
 We'll ca' him Nathaniel Gordon ;
 Bnt if it be a lass bairn,
 We'll gar her push her fortune.
 . . . Widow, &c.

When forty weeks were come and gane,
 Just forty and nae forder ;
 She bear to him a braw young son,
 Ca'd him Nathaniel Gordon.
 . . . Widow, &c.

She's taen her mantle her about,
 Her gown upon her arm ;
 And she has gane to yon borrow's town,
 Seeking Nathaniel Gordon.
 . . . Widow, &c.

When she came by yon greenwood side,
 The birds were sweetly singing ;
 And ilka bird sang o'er a note,
 To bonny Nathaniel Gordon.
 Widow, &c.

When she came to yon borrow's town,
 The wives they were a-baking ;
 And ilka wife gied her a cake,
 To bonny Nathaniel Gordon.
 Widow, &c.

When she gaed out at yon town end,
 The sodgers were a' marching ;
 She turned her right and round about,
 And spied Nathaniel Gordon.
 Widow, &c.

O mind ye not, young man, she said,
 Sin' you were on our border ;
 Ye promised for to marry me,
 My bonny Nathaniel Gordon.
 Widow, &c.

If I promised for to marry you,
 My dow, but and my dawty ;
 And if I promised for to marry you,
 I'm sure I'se nae be fauty.
 Widow, &c.

I'll take ye in at the church-door,
 Because ye're wet and weary ;
 And hae ye ben to yon church end,
 And marry you, my deary.

O widow, are ye sleeping now ?
 Or, widow, are ye waking ?
 Ye'll open the gin, lat me come in,
 I was your only darling.

Lord Lundy.

Lord William has but ae dear son,
 In this world had nae mair ;
 Lord Lundy had but ae daughter,
 And he will hae nane but her.

They dressed up in maids' array,
 And pass'd for sisters fair ;
 With ae consent gaed ower the sea,
 For to seek after lear.

They baith did eat at ae braid board,
 In ae bed baith did lye ;
 When Lord Lundy got word o' that,
 He's taen her soon away.

When Lord Lundie got word of that,
 An angry man was he ;
 He wrote his daughter on great haste,
 To return right speedilie.

When she looked the letter upon,
 A light laugh then gae she ;
 But ere she read it till an end,
 The tear blinded her e'e.

Bad news, bad news, my love, Willie,
 Bad news is come to me ;
 My father's written a braid letter,
 Bids me gae speedilie.

Set trysts, set trysts, my love, Willie,
 Set trysts, I pray, wi' me ;
 Set trysts, set trysts, my love, Willie,
 When will our wedding be ?

On Wednesday, on Wednesday,
 The first that ever ye see ;
 On Wednesday at twelve o'clock,
 My dear, I'll meet wi' thee.

When she came to her father's ha',
 He hailed her courteouslie ;
 Says, I'll forgie offences past,
 If now ye'll answer me.

Will ye marry yon young prince,
 Queen of England to be ?
 Or will you marry Lord William's son,
 Be loved by nane but he ?

I will marry yon young prince,
 Father, if it be your will ;
 But I wou'd rather I were dead and gane,
 My grave I wou'd win till.

When she was in her saddle set,
 She skyred like the fire ;
 To go her bridegroom for to meet,
 For whom she'd nae desire.

On every tippet o' her horse mane
 There hang a siller bell ;
 And whether the wind blew east or west,
 They gae a sundry knell.

And when she came to Mary's kirk,
 She skyred like the fire ;
 There her young bridegroom she did meet,
 For whom she'd nae desire.

She looked ower her left shoulder,
 The tear blinded her e'e ;
 But looking ower her right shoulder,
 A blythe sight then saw she.

There she saw Lord William's son
 And mony a man him wi';
 Wi' targes braid, and glittering spears,
 All marching ower the lee.

The minister looked on a book,
 Her marriage to begin;
 If there is naething to be said,
 These two may join in ane.

O huly, huly, sir, she said,
 O stay a little wee;
 I hae a friend to welcome yet,
 That's been a dear friend to me.

O then the parson he spake out,
 A wise word then spake he;
 You might hae had your friends welcom'd
 Before ye'd come to me.

Then in it came the bride's first love,
 And mony a man him wi';
 Stand back, stand back, ye jelly bridegroom—
 Bride; ye maun join wi' me.

Then out it speaks him Lord Lundie,
 An angry man was he;
 Lord William's son will hae my daughter,
 Without leave ask'd of me.

But since it's sae that she will gang,
 And proved sae fause to thee ;
 I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
 Nae portion shall I gie.

Then out it speak's the bride's first love,
 And light laugh then gae he ;
 I've got the best portion now, my lord,
 That ye can gie to me.

Your gude red gold I value not,
 Nor yet your white monie ;
 I hae her by the hand, this day,
 That's far dearer to me.

So gie the prince a coffer o' gold;
 When he gaes to his bed ;
 And bid him clap his coffer o' gold,
 And I'll clap my bonny bride.

Jock and Tam Gordon.

Jock and Tam's gane o'er the sea,
 Joy be in their companie ;
 Our Scots' lords may ever mourn,
 Till Jock and Tam get a safe return.

These two into a tavern went,
 For rest it was their whole intent ;
 They call'd for mugs o' nut-brown ale,
 Themselves they sweetly might regale.

In came the guidman, in came he,
 What lords are ye, from what countrie ?
 We are lords in Scotland born,
 Our lands lie lay, and yield nae corn.

We're seeking fortune, where fortune may be,
 For misfortune is nae man can flee ;
 And ae night's lodging we ask of you,
 And on the morn ye'se hae your due.
 We ask for wine, we ask for beer,
 We ask for quarter's for Scots' lords here.

We brew nae ale, nor brew we beer,
 And you Scots' lords cannot quarter here.
 Gudeman, said they, ye're far in the wrang,
 This night ye'll lodge baith Jock and Tam.

In came the gudewife, in came she,
 What lords are ye, or what countrie ?
 We are lords in Scotland born,
 Our lands lie lay, and yield nae corn.

We're seeking fortune, where fortune may be,
 For misfortune is nae man can flee ;

And ae night's lodging we ask of you,
And on the morn ye'se hae your due.

We brew nae ale, nor do we beer,
Ye Scottish lords cannot quarter here.
Gudewife, said they, ye're far in the wrang,
This night ye maun lodge Jock and Tam.

They gart the gold and silver flee,
They sought nae change for their monie ;
We hae quartered mony a man,
But never the like o' Jock and Tam.

THE

Bonny Lass o' Englessie's Dance.

Word has gane thro' a' this land,
And, O well noticed it maun be ;
The English lords are coming down,
To dance and gain the victorie.

The king has made a noble cry,
And well attended it maun be ;
Come saddle ye, and bring to me,
The bonny lass o' Englessie.

She started up a' dress'd in white,
Between him and his companie ;

Said, What will ye gie, my royal liege,
If I will dance this dance for thee?

Five good ploughs, but and a mill,
I'll give you till the day ye die ;
The bravest knight in all my court,
I'll give, your husband for to be.

She's ta'en the first lord by the hand,
Says, Ye'll rise up and dance wi' me ;
But she made a' these lords fifeteen
To gie it up right shamefullie.

Then out it speaks a younger lord,
Says, Fye for shame ! how can this be ?
He loos'd his brand frae aff his side,
Likewise his buckler frae his knee.

He sware his feet should be his dead
Before he lost the victorie ;
He danc'd full fast, but tired at last,
And gae it up as shamefullie.

Geordie Downie.

Hae ye heard o' a widow in rich attire,
 That rade on a well-shod poney?
 She's followed a tinkler frae Dee-side,
 His name it is Geordie Downie.
 My bonny love, joe, my dearie you know;
 My bonny love, Geordie Downie;
 I'll sell my hose, and drink my sheen,
 And follow Geordie Downie.

Downie melts the brass, the brass,
 And Downie melts the tin, O;
 And happy, happy is the town,
 That Downie enters in, O.
 My bonny love, joe, &c.

Ance I was Charlie Petrie's wife,
 In the auld town o' Aberdeen, O;
 But now I'm tinkler Downie's wife,
 Wi' the pearlin ower my een, O.
 My bonny love, joe, &c.

Adieu to the lads wi' white cockades,
 Likewise to the leather apron;
 For I'll awa' wi' Downie the caird,
 He's a brisk young lad and a vaporin'.
 My bonny love, joe, &c.

Lord Aboyne.

Aft hae I played at the ring and the ba',
 And lang was a rantin' lassie ;
 But now my father does me forsake,
 And my friends they all do neglect me.

But gin I had servants at my command,
 As I hae had right mony ;
 For to send awa' to Glentanner's yetts
 Wi' a letter to my rantin' laddie.

O, is your true love a laird or lord ?
 Or is he a Highland caddie ;
 That ye sae often call him by name,
 Your bonny, bonny rantin' laddie ?

My true love he's baith laird and lord,
 Do ye think I hae married a caddie ?
 O he is the noble Earl o' Aboyne,
 And he's my bonny rantin' laddie.

O ye'se hae servants at your command,
 As ye hae had right mony ;
 For to send awa' to Glentanner's yetts
 Wi' a letter to your rantin' laddie.

When Lord Aboyne the letter got,
 Wow, but he blinket bonny;
 But ere three lines o' it he read,
 O but his heart was sorry.

His face it reddened like a flame,
 He grasped his sword sae massy;
 O wha is this dare be sae bauld,
 Sae cruel to use my lassie?

Gae saddle to me five hundred men,
 Gae saddle and make them ready;
 Wi' a milk-white steed under every one,
 For I'm going to bring hame my lady.

And when they came to auld Fedderate,
 He found her waiting ready;
 And he brought her to Castle Aboyne,
 And now she's his ain dear lady.

Young Hastings.

O well like I to ride in a mist,
 And shoot in a northern win';
 And far better a lady to steal,
 That's come of a noble kin.

Four an' twenty fair ladies
 Put on this lady's sheen ;
 And as mony young gentlemen
 Did lead her ower the green.

Yet she preferred before them all,
 Him young Hastings the groom ;
 He's coosten a mist before them all,
 And away this lady has ta'en.

He's taken the lady on him behind,
 Spared neither grass nor corn ;
 Till they came to the wood o' Amonshaw,
 Where again their loves were sworn.

And they hae lived in that wood
 Full mony a year and day ;
 And were supported from time to time,
 By what he made of prey.

And seven bairns fair and fine,
 There she has born to him ;
 And never was in gude church door,
 Nor ever got gude kirking.

Ance she took harp into her hand,
 And harped them a' asleep ;
 Then she sat down at their couch side,
 And bitterly did weep.

Said, Seven bairns hae I born now,
 To my lord in the ha';
 I wish they were seven greedy rats,
 To run upon the wa',
 And I mysel', a great grey cat,
 To eat them ane and a'.

For ten lang years now I hae lived
 Within this cave of stane;
 And never was at gude church-door,
 Nor got no gude churching.

O then out spake her eldest child,
 (And a fine boy was he,)
 O hold your tongue, my mother dear,
 I'll tell you what to dee:

Take you the youngest in your lap,
 The next youngest by the hand;
 Put all the rest of us you before,
 As you learnt us to gang.

And go with us unto some kirk,
 You say they are built of stane;
 And let us all be christened,
 And you get gude kirking.

She took the youngest in her lap,
 The next youngest by the hand—

Set all the rest of them her before,
As she learnt them to gang.

And she has left the wood with them,
And to the kirk has gane ;
Where the gude priest them christened,
And gave her gude kirking.

Reedisdale and Wise William.

When Reedisdale and wise William
Were drinking at the wine ;
There fell a roosing them amang,
On an unruly time.

For some o' them hae roos'd their hawks,
And other some their hounds ;
And other some their ladies fair,
And their bowers whare they walk'd in.

When out it spake him Reedisdale,
And a rash word spake he ;
Says, There is not a lady fair,
In bower wherever she be,
But I could aye her favour win,
Wi' ae blink o' my e'e.

Then out it spake him, wise William,
 And a rash word spake he ;
 Says, I have a sister of my own,
 In bower where ever she be,
 And ye will not her favour win,
 With three blinks of your e'e.

What will ye wager, wise William ?
 My lands I'll wad with thee ;
 I'll wad my head against your land,
 Till I get more monie.

Then Reedisdale took wise William,
 Laid him in prison strang ;
 That he might neither gang nor ride,
 Nor ae word to her send.

But he has written a braid letter,
 Between the night and day,
 And sent it to his own sister,
 By dun feather and gray.

When she had read wise William's letter,
 She smiled and she leugh ;
 Said, very well, my dear brother,
 Of this I have eneuch.

She looked out at her west window,
 To see what she could see ;

And there she spied him Reedisdale,
Come riding ower the lea.

Says, Come to me, my maidens all,
Come hitherward to me ;
For here it comes him Reedisdale,
Who comes a-courting me.

Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me.
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see.

Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me ;
And bonny are the gowns of silk
That I will give to thee.

If you have bonny gowns of silk,
O mine is bonny tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see.

Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see ;
And bonny jewels, brooches, and rings,
I will give unto thee.

If you have bonny brooches and rings,
O mine are bonny tee ;

Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see.

Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see ;
And bonny are the ha's and bowers
That I will give to thee.

If you have bonny ha's and bowers,
O mine are bonny tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see.

Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see ;
And bonny are my lands so broad,
That I will give to thee.

If you have bonny lands so broad,
O mine are bonny tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me ye will not see.

Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see ;
And bonny are the bags of gold
That I will give to thee.

If you have bonny bags of gold,
I have bags of the same ;

Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For down I will not come.

Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see ;
Or else I'll set your house on fire,
If better cannot be.

Then he has set the house on fire,
And all the rest it tuke ;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, Alas ! they'll ne'er get out.

Look out, look out, my maidens fair,
And see what I do see ;
How Reedisdale has fired our house,
And now rides o'er the lea.

Come hitherwards, my maidens fair,
Come hither unto me ;
For thro' this reek, and thro' this smook,
O thro' it we must be.

They took wet mantles them about,
Their coffers by the band ;
And thro' the reek, and thro' the flame,
Alive they all have wan.

When they had got out thro' the fire,
And able all to stand ;

She sent a maid to wise William,
To bruik Reedisdale's land.

Your land is mine now, Reedisdale,
For I have won them free.
If there is a gude woman in the world,
Your one sister is she.

Young Bearwell.

When two lovers love each other well,
Great sin it were them to twinn ;
And this I speak from young Bearwell,
He loved a lady young,
The mayor's daughter of Birkton-brae,
That lovely leesome thing.

One day when she was looking out,
When washing her milk-white hands,
That she beheld him, young Bearwell,
As he came in the sands.

Says, Waes me for you, young Bearwell,
Such tales of you are tauld ;
They'll cause you sail the salt sea so far,
As beyond Yorkisfauld.

O shall I bide in good greenwood,
Or stay in bower with thee ?

* * * * *

The leaves are thick in good greenwood,
Would hold you from the rain ;
And if you stay in bower with me,
You will be taken and slain.

But I caused build a ship for you,
Upon Saint Innocent's day ;
I'll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,
And our Lady, that meikle may :
You are a lady's first true love,
God-carry you well away !

Then he sailed east, and he sailed west,
By many a comely strand ;
At length a puff of northern wind
Did blow him to the land.

When he did see the king and court,
Were playing at the ba' ;
Gave him a harp into his hand,
Says, Stay, Bearwell, and play.

He had not been in the king's court
A twelvemonth and a day ;
Till there came lairds and lords anew,
To court that lady gay.

They wooed her with brooch and ring,
 They nothing could keep back ;
 The very charters of their lands,
 Into her hands they pat.

She's done her down to Heyvalin,
 With the light of the moon ;
 Says, Will ye do this deed for me,
 And will ye do it soon ?

Will ye go seek him, young Bearwell,
 On seas wherever he be ?
 And if I live and bruik my life,
 Rewarded ye shall be.

Alas ! I am too young a skipper
 So far to sail the faem ;
 But if I live and bruik my life,
 I'll strive to bring him hame.

So he has sail'd east, and then sail'd west,
 By many a comely strand ;
 Till there came a blast of northern wind,
 And blew him to the land.

And there the king and all his court
 Were playing at the ba' ;
 Gave him a harp into his hand,
 Says, Stay, Heyvalin, and play.

He has ta'en up the harp in hand,
 And unto play went he ;
 And young Bearwell was the first man
 In all that companie.

* * * * *

Kemp Owyne.

Her mother died when she was young,
 Which gave her cause to make great moan ;
 Her father married the warst woman
 That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
 In every thing that she could dee ;
 Till once in an unlucky time,
 She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, Lie you there, dove Isabel,
 And all my sorrows lie with thee ;
 Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
 And borrow you with kisses three,
 Let all the waird do what they will,
 Oh ! borrowed shall you never be.

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
 And twisted thrice about the tree ;

And all the people far and near,
 Thought that a savage beast was she ;
 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
 Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
 And on the savage beast look'd he ;
 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
 And twisted was about the tree ;
 And with a swing she came about,
 Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me.

Here is a royal belt, she cried,
 That I have found in the green sea ;
 And while your body it is on,
 Drawn shall your blood never be ;
 But if you touch me tail or fin,
 I vow my belt your death shall be.

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
 The royal belt he brought him wi' ;
 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
 And twisted twice about the tree ;
 And with a swing she came about,
 Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me

Here is a royal ring, she said,
 That I have found in the green sea ;

And while your finger it is on,
 Drawn shall your blood never be ;
 But if you touch me tail or fin,
 I swear my ring your death shall be .

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
 The royal ring he brought him wi' ;
 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
 And twisted ance about the tree ;
 And with a swing she came about,
 Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me .

Here is a royal brand, she said,
 That I have found in the green sea ;
 And while your body it is on,
 Drawn shall your blood never be ;
 But if you touch me tail or fin,
 I swear my brand your death shall be .

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
 The royal brand he brought him wi' ;
 Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
 And twisted nane about the tree ;
 And smilingly she came about,
 As fair a woman, as fair could be .

Earl Richard, the Queen's Brother.

Earl Richard, once upon a day,
 And all his valiant men so wight,
 He did him down to Barnisdale,
 Where all the land is fair and light.

He was aware of a damosel,
 I wot fast on she did her bound ;
 With towers of gold upon her head,
 As fair a woman as could be found.

He said, Busk on you, fair ladye,
 The white flowers and the red ;
 For I would give my bonnie ship,
 To get your maidenhead.

I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
 And drown you in the sea ;
 For all this would not mend the miss
 That ye would do to me.
 The miss is not so great, ladye,
 Soon mended it might be.

I have four an' twenty mills in Scotland,
 Stands on the water of Tay ;

You'll have them, and as much flour
As they'll grind in a day.

to /
I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do for me.
The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it will be.

I have four an' twenty milk-white cows,
All calved in a day ;
You'll have them, and as much hain'd grass
As they all on can gae.

I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me.
The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

I have four an' twenty milk-white steeds,
All foaled in one year ;
You'll have them, and as much red gold
As all their backs can bear.

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the mold,

I would not be your love, said she,
For that church full of gold.

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the mess ;
Says, Ladye, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have less.

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the moon ;
I would not be your love, says she,
For all the gold in Rome.

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the moon ;
Says, Ladye, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have none.

He caught her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass green sleeve ;
And there has taken his will of her,
Wholly without her leave.

The ladye frown'd, and sadly blush'd,
And oh ! but she thought shame ;
Says, If you are a knight at all,
You surely will tell me your name ?

In some places they call me Jack,
In other some they call me John ;

But when into the queen's court,
 Oh, then, Lithcock it is my name !

Lithcock ! Lithcock ! the ladye said,
 And oft she spelt it ower again ;
 Lithcock, it's Latin, the ladye said,
 Richard's the English of that name.

The knight he rode, the ladye ran,
 A live long summer's day,
 Till they came to the wan water
 That all men do call Tay.

He set his horse head to the water,
 Just thro' it for to ride ;
 And the ladye was as ready as him
 The waters for to wade.

For he had never been as kind-hearted
 As to bid the ladye ride ;
 And she had never been so low-hearted
 As for to bid him bide.

But deep into the wan water,
 There stands a great big stone ;
 He turned his wight horse head about,
 Said, Ladye fair, will ye loup on ?

She's taken the wand was in her hand,
 And struck it on the faem ;

And before he got the middle stream,
 The ladye was on dry land.
 By help of God, and our Lady,
 My help lyes not in your hand !

I learned it from my mother dear,
 Few are there that have learned better,
 When I come to a deep water,
 I can swim thro' like ony otter.

I learned it from my mother dear,
 I find I learn'd it for my weel,
 When I come to a deep water,
 I can swim thro' like ony eel.

Turn back, turn back, you ladye fair;
 You know not what I see;
 There is a ladye in that castle,
 That will burn you and me.
 Betide me weel, betide me wae,
 That ladye I will see.

She took a ring from her finger,
 And gave it the porter for his fee;
 Says, Take you that, my good porter,
 And bid the queen speak to me.

And when she came before the queen,
 There she fell low down on her knee;

Says, There is a knight into your court
This day has robbed me.

Oh ! has he robbed you of your gold ?
Or has he robbed you of your fee ?
He has not robbed me of my gold,
He has not robbed me of my fee ;
He has robbed me of my maidenhead,
The fairest flower of my bodie.

There is no knight in all my court
That thus has robbed thee ;
But you'll have the truth of his right hand,
Or else for your sake he'll die ;

Tho' it were Earl Richard, my own brother,
And, oh, forbid that it be !
Then sighing, said, the ladye fair,
I wot the same man is he.

The queen called on her merry men,
Even fifty men and three ;
Earl Richard used to be the first man,
But now the hindmost man was he.

He's taken out one hundred pounds,
And told it in his glove ;
Says, Take you that, my ladye fair,
And seek another love.

Oh, no! oh, no! the lady cried,
 That's what shall never be;
 I'll have the truth of your right hand,
 The queen it gave to me.

I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,
 When I did drink your wine;
 That for a carle's fair daughter,
 It does gar me dree all this pine.

May be I am a carle's daughter,
 And may be never nane;
 When ye met me in the greenwood,
 Why did you not let me alane?

Will you wear the short clothes,
 Or will you wear the side?
 Or will you walk to your wedding,
 Or will you till it ride?

I will not wear the short clothes,
 But I will wear the side;
 I will not walk to my wedding,
 But I to it will ride.

When he was set upon the horse,
 The lady him behin';
 Then, could and eerie were the words
 The twa had them between.

She said, Good e'en, ye nettles tall,
 Just there where ye grow at the dyke;
 If the auld carline my mother were here,
 Sae weel's she would your pates pyke.

How she would stap you in her poke,
 I wot at that she wadna fail;
 And boil ye in her auld brass pan,
 And of ye make right good kail.

And she would meal you with millering,
 That she gathers at the mill,
 And make you thick as ony daigh;
 And when the pan was brimful,

Would mess you up in scuttle dishes,
 Syne bid us sup till we were fou;
 Lay down her head upon a poke,
 Then sleep and snore like ony sow.

Away, away, you bad woman,
 For all your vile words grieveth me;
 When you hide so little for yourself,
 I'm sure ye'll hide far less for me.

I wish I had drunk your water, sister,
 When that I did drink of your wine;
 Since for a carle's fair daughter
 It aye gars me dree all this pine.

May be, I am a carle's daughter,
 And may be never nane;
 When ye met me in the good greenwood,
 Why did you not let me alane?

Gude e'en, gude e'en, ye heather berries,
 As ye're growing on yon hill;
 If the auld carline and her bags were here,
 I wot she would get meat her fill.

Late, late at night, I knit our pokes,
 With even four an' twenty knots;
 And in the morn at breakfast time,
 I'll carry the keys of an earl's locks.

Late, late at night, I knit our pokes,
 With even four an' twenty strings;
 And if you look to my white fingers,
 They have as many gay gold rings.

Away, away, ye ill woman,
 So sore your vile words grieveth me;
 When you hide so little for yourself,
 I'm sure ye'll hide far less for me.

But if you are a carle's daughter,
 As I take you to be;
 How did you get the gay cloathing,
 In greenwood ye had on thee?

My mother, she's a poor woman,
 She nursed earl's children three ;
 And I got them from a foster sister,
 For to beguile such sparks as thee.

But if you be a carle's daughter,
 As I believe you be ;
 How did you learn the good Latin,
 In greenwood ye spoke to me ?

My mother, she's a mean woman,
 She nurs'd earl's children three ;
 I learnt it from their chaplain,
 To beguile such sparks as ye.

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
 And all men bound for bed,
 Then Earl Richard and this ladye
 In ae bed they were laid.

He turned his face unto the stock,
 And she her's to the stane ;
 And cauld and dreary was the love
 That was these twa between.

Great mirth was in the kitchen,
 Likewise intill the ha' ;
 But in his bed lay Earl Richard,
 Wiping the tears awa'.

He wept till he fell fast asleep,
 Then slept till light was come;
 Then he did hear the gentlemen
 That talked in the room.

Said, Saw ye ever a fitter match,
 Betwixt the ane and the ither;
 The king o' Scotland's fair dochter,
 And the queen o' England's brither?

And is she the king o' Scotland's fair dochter?
 This day, O weel is me!
 For seven times has my steed been saddled,
 To come to court with thee;
 And with this witty lady fair,
 How happy must I be!

Earl Lithgow.

Earl Lithgow, he's a hunting gane,
 Upon a summer's day;
 And he's fa'en in with a weel-far'd maid
 Was gathering at the slae.

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
 And by the grass-green sleeve;

He led her to the foot of a tree,
At her he spier'd nae leave.

The lassie being well learned,
She turned her right around ;
Says, Will ye be as good, kind sir,
As tell to me your name ?

Whiles they call me Jack, he says,
And whiles they call me John ;
But when I'm in the queen's high court,
Earl Litchcock is my name.

The lassie being well learned,
She spell'd it ower again ;
Says, Litchcock is a Latin word,
But Lithgow is your name.

The lassie being well learned,
She spell'd it ower again ;
Says, Lithgow is a gentle word,
But Richard is your name.

She has kilted her green clathing,
A little abeen her knee ;
The gentleman rode, and the lassie ran,
Till at the water o' Dee.

When they were at the water o' Dee,
And at the narrow side ;

He turned about his high horse head,
Says, Lassie, will ye ride?

I learned it in my mother's bower,
I wish I had learned it better;
When I came to this wan water,
To swim like ony otter.

I learned it in my mother's bower,
I wish I had learned it weel;
That when I came to a wan water,
To swim like ony eel.

She has kilted her green claithing
A little abeen her knee;
The gentleman rode, the lassie swam,
Thro' the water o' Dee:
Before he was at the middle o' the water,
At the other side was she.

She sat there and drest hersell,
And sat upon a stone;
There she sat to rest hersell,
And see how he'd come on.

How mony miles hae ye to ride?
How mony hae I to gang?
I've thirty miles to ride, he says,
And ye've as mony to gang.

If ye've thirty miles to ride, she says,
 And I've as mony to gas ;
 Ye'll get leave to gang yoursell,
 It will never be gane by me.

She's gane to the queen's high court,
 And knocked at the pin ;
 Who was sae ready as the proud porter,
 To let this lady in !

She's put her hand in her pocket,
 And gi'en him guineas three ;
 Ye will gang to the queen hersell,
 And tell her this frae me :—

There is a lady at your yetts,
 Can neither card nor spin ;
 But she can sit in a lady's bower,
 And lay gold on a seam.

He's gane ben thro' ae lang room,
 And he's gane ben thro' twa ;
 Till he came to a lang, lang trance,
 And then came to the ha'.

When he came before the queen,
 Sat low down on his knee ;
 Win up, win up, my proud porter,
 What makes this courtesie ?

There is a lady at your yetts,
 Can neither card nor spin ;
 But she can sit in a lady's bower,
 And lay gold on a seam.

If there is a lady at my yetts,
 That cannot card nor spin ;
 Ye'll open my yetts baith wide and braid,
 And let this lady in.

Now she has gane ben thro' ae room,
 And she's gane ben thro' twa ;
 And she gaed ben a lang, lang trance,
 Till she came to the ha'.

When she came before the queen,
 Sat low down on her knee ;
 Win up, win up, my fair woman,
 What makes such courtesie ?

My errand it's to thee, O queen,
 My errand it's to thee ;
 There is a man within your courts
 This day has robbed me.

O, has he taen your purse, your purse ?
 Or taen your penny fee ?
 Or has he taen your maidenhead,
 The flower of your bodie ?

He hasna taen my purse, my purse,
 Nor yet my penny fee ;
 But he has taen my maidenhead,
 The flower of my bodie.

It is if he be a batchelor,
 Your husband he shall be ;
 But if he be a married man,
 High hanged he shall be.

Except it be my brother, Litchcock,
 I hinna will it be he ;
 Sigh'd, and said that gay lady,
 That very man is he.

She's call'd on her merry men a',
 By ane, by twa, by three ;
 Earl Litchcock used to be the first,
 But the hindmost man was he.

He came cripple on the back,
 Stane blind upon an e'e ;
 And sigh'd, and said, Earl Richard,
 I doubt, this calls for me.

He's laid down a brand, a brand,
 And next laid down a ring ;
 It's thrice she minted to the brand,
 But she's taen up the ring ;

There's not a knight in a' the court,
But call'd her a wise woman.

He's taen out a purse of gold,
And tauld it on a stane ;
Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,
And ye'll frae me be gane.

I will hae nane o' your purse o' gold,
That ye tell on a stane ;
But I will hae yoursell, she says,
Another I'll hae nane.

He has taen out another purse,
And tauld it in a glove ;
Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,
And choice another love.

I'll hae nane o' your purses o' gold,
That ye tell in a glove ;
But I will hae yoursell, she says,
I'll hae nae ither love.

But he's taen out another purse,
And tauld it on his knee ;
Said, Take ye that, ye fair woman,
Ye'll get nae mair frae me.

I'll hae nane o' your purses o' gold,
That ye tell on your knee ;

But I will hae yoursell; she says,
The queen has granted it me.

O will ye hae the short claithing,
Or will ye hae the side?
Or will ye gang to your wedding,
Or will ye to it ride?

I winna hae the short claithing,
But I will hae the side;
I winna gang to my wedding,
But to it I will ride.

The first town that they came till,
They made the mass be sung;
And the next town that they came till,
They made the bells be rung.

And the next town that they came till,
He bought her gay claithing;
And the next town that they came till,
They held a fair wedding.

When they came to Mary-kirk,
The nettles grew on the dyke;
If my auld mither, the carlin, were here,
Sae well's she would you pyke.

Sae well's she would you pyke, she says,
She wou'd you pyke and pou' ;

And wi' the dust lyes in the mill,
Sae wou'd she mingle you.

She'd take a speen intill her hand,
And sup ere she be fou ;
Syne lay her head upon a sod,
And snore like ony sow.

When she came to yon mill dams,
Says, Weel may ye clap ;
I wyte my minnie ne'er gaed by you
Wanting mony a lick.

He's drawn his hat out ower his face,
Muckle shame thought he ;
She's driven her cap out ower her locks,
And a light laugh gae she.

When they were wedded, and well bedded,
And hame at dinner set ;
Then out it spake our bride hersell,
And she spake never blate.

Put far awa' your china plates,
Put them far awa' frae me ;
And bring to me my humble gockies,
That I was best used wi'.

Put far awa' your siler speens,
Had them far awa' frae me ;

And bring to me my horn cutties,
That I was best used wi'.

When they were dined and well served,
And to their dancing set,
Out it spake our bride again,
For she spake never blate.

If the auld carlin, my mither, were here,
As I trust she will be,
She'll fear the dancing frae us a',
And gar her meal bags flee.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound for rest ;
Earl Richard, and the beggar's daughter,
In ae chamber were placed.

Had far awa' your fine claithing,
Had them far awa' frae me ;
And bring to me my fleachy clouts,
That I was best used wi'.

Had far awa' your Holland sheets,
Had them far awa' frae me ;
And bring to me my canvas clouts,
That I was best used wi'.

Lay a pock o' meal beneath my head,
Another aneath my feet ;

A pock o' seeds beneath my knees,
And soundly will I sleep.

Had far awa', ye carlin's get,
Had far awa' frae me ;
It disna set a carlin's get,
My bed-fellow to be.

It's may be I'm a carlin's get,
And may be I am nane ;
But when ye got me in good greenwood,
How letna you me alane ?

It is if you be a carlin's get,
As I trust well ye be ;
Where got ye all the gay claithing,
You brought to greenwood with thee ?

My mother was an auld nourice,
She nursed bairns three ;
And whiles she got, and whiles she staw,
And she kept them a' for me ;
And I put them on in good greenwood,
To beguile fause squires like thee.

It's out then spake the billy-blin,
Says, I speak nane out of time ;
If ye make her lady o' nine cities,
She'll make you lord o' ten.

Out it spake the billy-blin,
 Says, The one may serve the other ;
 The king of Gosford's ae daughter,
 And the queen of Scotland's brother.

Wae but worth you, billy-blin,
 An ill death may ye die !
 My bed-fellow he'd been for seven years,
 Or he'd ken'd sae muckle frae me.

Fair fa' ye, ye billy-blin,
 And well may ye aye be ;
 In my stable is the ninth horse I've kill'd
 Seeking this fair ladie :
 Now we're married, and now we're bedded,
 And in each other's arms shall lie.

Bonny Lizie Lindsay.

In Edinburgh lived a lady,
 Was ca'd Lizie Lindsay by name ;
 Was courted by mony fine suitors,
 And mony rich person of fame.
 Tho' lords o' renown had her courted,
 Yet none her favour could gain.

Then spake the young laird o' Kingcaussie,
 And a bonny young boy was he;
 Then let me a year to the city,
 I'll come, and that lady wi' me.

Then spake the auld laird o' Kingcaussie,
 A canty auld mannie was he;
 What think ye by our little Donald,
 Sae proudly and crouslly cracks he?

But he's win a year to the city,
 If that I be a living man;
 And what he can mak o' this lady,
 We shall lat him do as he can.

He's stript aff his fine costly robes,
 And put on the single liverie;
 With no equipage nor attendance,
 To Edinburgh city went he.

Now there was a ball in the city,
 A ball o' great mirth and great fame;
 And fa danced wi' Donald that day,
 But bonny Lizie Lindsay on the green.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie?
 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
 Will ye leave the south country ladies,
 And gang to the Hielands wi' me.

The lady she turned about,
 And answered him courteouslie ;
 I'd like to ken faer I am gaun first,
 And fa I am gaun to gang wi'.

O, Lizie, ae favour I'll ask you,
 This favour I pray not deny ;
 Ye'll tell me your place o' abode,
 And your nearest o' kindred do stay.

Ye'll call at the Canogate port,
 At the Canogate port call ye ;
 I'll gie you a bottle o' wine,
 And I'll bear you my companie.

Syne he called at the Canogate port,
 At the Canogate port call'd he ;
 She gae him a bottle o' wine,
 And she gae him her companie.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie ?
 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me ?
 Will ye leave the south country ladies,
 And gang to the Hielands wi' me ?

Then out spake Lizie's auld mither,
 For a very auld lady was she ;
 If ye cast ony creed on my dochter,
 High hanged I'll cause you to be.

O keep hame your dochter, auld woman,
 And latna her gang wi' me ;
 I can cast nae mair creed on your dochter
 Nae mair than she can on me.

Now, young man, ae question I'll ask you,
 Sin' ye mean to honour us sae ;
 Ye'll tell me how braid your lands lie,
 Your name, and faer ye hae to gae ?

My father he is an auld soutter,
 My mither she is an auld dey ;
 And I'm but a puir broken trooper,
 My kindred I winna deny.

Yet I'm nae a man o' great honour,
 Nor am I a man o' great fame ;
 My name it is Donald M'Donald,
 I'll tell it, and winna think shame.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie ?
 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me ?
 Will ye leave the south country ladies,
 And gang to the Hielands wi' me ?

O, Donald, I'll gie you ten guineas,
 If ye wou'd but stay in my room ;
 Until that I draw your fair picture,
 To look on it fan I think lang.

No ; I carena mair for your guineas,
 Nae mair than ye care for mine ;
 But if that ye love my ain person,
 Gae wi' me, maid, if ye incline.

Then out spake Lizie's bower woman,
 And a bonny young lassie was she ;
 Tho' I was born heir to a crown,
 Young Donald, I wou'd gang him wi'.

Up raise then the bonny young lady,
 And drew till her stockings and sheen ;
 And pack'd up her claise in fine bundles,
 And awa' wi' young Donald she's gane.

The roads they were rocky and knabby,
 The mountains were baith strait and stay ;
 When Lizie grew wearied wi' travel,
 For she'd travell'd a very lang way.

O turn again, bonny Lizie Lindsay,
 O turn again, said he ;
 We're but ae day's journey frae town,
 O turn, and I'll turn wi' thee.

Out speaks the bonny young lady,
 Till the saut tear blinded her e'e ;
 Altho' I'd return to the city,
 There's nae person wou'd care for me.

When they came near the end o' their journey,
 To the house o' their father's milk dey ;
 He said, stay still there, Lizie Lindsay,
 Till I tell my mither o' thee.

When he came into the shielen,
 She hailed him courteouslie ;
 Said, Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
 There's been mony ane calling for thee.

O, ea' me nae mair, Sir Donald,
 But Donald M'Donald, your son ;
 We'll carry the joke a bit farther,
 There's a bonny young lady to come.

When Lizie came into the shielen,
 She look'd as if she'd been a feel ;
 She sawna a seat to sit down on,
 But only some sunks o' green feall.

Now make us a supper, dear mither,
 The best o' your cruds and green whey ;
 And make us a bed o' green rashes,
 And covert wi' huddins sae grey.

But Lizie being wearied wi' travel,
 She lay till't was up i' the day.
 Ye might hae been up an hour seener,
 To milk baith the ewes and the kye.

Out then speaks the bonny young lady,
 Whan the saut tear drapt frae her eye ;
 I wish that I had bidden at hame,
 I can neither milk ewes nor kye.

I wish that I had bidden at hame,
 The Hielands I never had seen ;
 Altho' I love Donald M'Donald,
 The laddie wi' blythe blinking een.

Win up, win up, O bonny Lizie,
 And dress in the silks sae gay ;
 I'll show you the yetts o' Kingcaussie,
 Whare I've play'd me mony a day.

Up raise the bonny young lady,
 And drest in the silks sae fine ;
 And into young Donald's arms,
 Awa' to Kingcaussie she's gane.

Forth came the auld laird o' Kingcaussie,
 And hailed her courteslie ;
 Says, Ye're welcome, bonny Lizie Lindsay,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

Tho' lords o' renown hae you courted,
 Young Donald your favour has won ;
 Ye'se get a' the lands o' Kingcaussie,
 And Donald M'Donald, my son.

The Baron turned Ploughman.

There was a knight, a baron bright,
A knight of high degree ;
He had but only one dear son,
And a bonny young lad was he.

He's brought him up at schools nine,
So has he at schools ten ;
The boy he learned to hold the plough
Among his father's men.

It fell ance upon a day,
His father to him did say ;
Ye'll sink your lands for want of heirs,
Go wed some lady gay.

Ye hae lands, and ye hae rents,
And towers to bring them tee ;
And ye must wed a lady to them,
And a lady of high degree.

O, what lady will I bring home,
Father, that will please thee ?
Ye'll go to the maid in yon castle,
I'm sure she will take thee.

But what if she love my lands and rents
 Better than she loves me ?
 But I shall try her lowest love,
 Before she comes wi' me.

Then he's taen aff his scarlet coat,
 Was well trim'd o'er wi' gold ;
 And he put on the hireman's coat,
 To had him frae the cold.

He's taen his staff into his hand,
 So well as it set him to wiel ;
 And he's gaen whistling o'er the hill,
 Like ony hireman chiel.

He has gone to yon knight's castle,
 In yon knight's green stood he ;
 Says, Want ye ony servant lads,
 To serve for meat and fee ?
 For I can had the plough, he said,
 And saw the corn tee.

If ye can had the plough, the knight said,
 And saw the corn tee,
 Gude sooth, my lad, we shall not part,
 For gold, nor yet for fee.

He did the work he took in hand,
 And his master lov'd him well ;

And all the lasses far and near,
They lov'd the hireman chiel ;
But and the lady of that place,
She lov'd him very well :

But could not get his mind reveal'd,
At a convenient time ;
Until she dropt some open lines,
To meet him at his dine.

He read it in a secret place,
A light laugh then gae he ;
Said, If I manage my business well,
I think I'll be paid my fee.

It fell ance upon a day,
He was feeding his oxen rare ;
When by it came that lady gay,
And a' her maries fair.

Good morrow, good morrow, young man, she said,
Good morrow unto you.
He turned him right and round about,
And gave her a courteous bow.

I wonder much at you, young man,
I'm sorry for you, now ;
You that's a man of so good parts,
Would hold my father's plough.

I think as much to hold the plough,
 As you do of your maries fair ;
 I like as well to hold the plough,
 As if I were your father's heir.

But if you love me as you say,
 And as ye confess ye dee ;
 The morn's night, at twelve o'clock,
 In the greenwood ye'll meet me.

I do love you as I say,
 And as I confess I do ;
 My maidenhead it feareth me,
 To meet so late with you.

No fear of that, at all, fair maid,
 No fear of that, said he ;
 If ye come a maid to gude greenwood,
 Ye'll return a maid for me.

O mirk and misty was the night,
 And mirk and rainy tee ;
 As soon as these two lovers met,
 He kiss'd her tenderlie.

Great impudence, great impudence,
 Great impudence, said she ;
 Ye're but my father's ploughman lad,
 How dare you trouble me ?

No impudence, no impudence,
 No impudence at a' ;
 For I never used such impudence
 Till liberty I saw.

The night it's misty, mirk, and weet,
 The dew is falling down ;
 And I'm afraid of your green cloathing,
 That it spoil your glist'ring gown.

If ye are tired of my companie,
 Why did ye tryst me here ?
 I would not tire of your companie,
 Tho' this night had been a year.

If your mother get word of this,
 Right angry will she be ;
 And if your father get word of this,
 He will gar hang me hie.

No fear of that, my ain true love,
 No fear of that, said she ;
 If one drop of your blood be spilt,
 They'se never see good of me.

I'll take my mantle me about,
 Walk in your garden green ;
 They'll wonder a' what's troubled me,
 That I've got up so seen.

Word's gaen up, and word's gaen down,
 And word's gaen thro' the ha' ;
 And word has gane to her father,
 Among the nobles a'.

If the tale be true that I am tauld,
 As I trust well it be ;
 The morn, or I eat or drink,
 Hie hanged shall he be.

He turned him right and round about,
 A light laugh then gae he ;
 Says, The knight stood never on your green,
 This day that dare hang me.

Then he's gaen o'er the leys again,
 Like the bird that always flew ;
 And left the lady in her bower,
 To let the saut tears fa'.

A twelvemonth being gone and past,
 A twelvemonth and a day ;
 There came a young squire from the west,
 To court that lady gay.

Then he has gained her mother's love,
 But and her father's tee ;
 But ne'er could gain the lady's love,
 For a' his high degree.

O fair mat fa' you, my ae daughter,
 And a good deed mat ye die ;
 Ye've laid your love on a bonny young squire,
 And let the hireman gae.

O hold your tongue, my mother dear,
 Let all your folly be ;
 The squire stood never upon your green
 Like the hireman chiel to me.

Early next morning she drest up,
 And all her maries fair ;
 The hireman chiel was her first foot,
 As she went to take the air.

O wae mat worth ye, ye hireman chiel,
 An ill deed mat ye die ;
 Ye might hae tauld me where ye dwalt,
 Or in what countrie.

I would hae left my maries a',
 And gane along with thee ;
 If the tale be true that I am told,
 As I trust well it be.

Reach here your hand, and take this ring,
 And go along with me ;
 Do for yourself, my own true love,
 Do for yourself and me.

Here is my father coming up,
 Twenty well arm'd him wi';
 Here is my father coming up,
 But married I ne'er shall be.

If I had you on yon hill head,
 And thro' yon dowie glen;
 I wou'dna fear your father dear,
 Nor all his armed men.

Beat up, my boys, the old man cries,
 Come all in good array;
 For here it comes the young hind chiel,
 That's stown our bride away.

Out it speaks her first bridegroom,
 An angry man was he;
 If I had known she'd been lov'd by him,
 She shou'd never been lov'd by me.

When they were up on yon hill head,
 And thro' yon dowie glen;
 They spied his father's gilded coach,
 And an hundred armed men.

When her father saw the sight,
 A blythe old man was he;
 Said, Lang hae ye serv'd me for her sake,
 Come back, I'll pay you your fee.

I winna come back, I shall not come back,
 I winna come back to thee;
 Lang have I served you for her sake,
 I've now come and taen my fee.

**Donald M'Queen's flight wi'
 Lizie Menzie.**

Donald, he's come to this town,
 And he's been lang awa';
 And he is on to Lizie's bedside,
 Wi' his tartan trews and a'.

How wou'd you like me, Lizie, he said,
 An I ware a' your ain?
 Wi' tartan coat upo' my back,
 And single soled sheen;
 A blue bonnetie on my head,
 and my twa winking een.

Weel wou'd I like you, Donald, she said,
 An ye ware a' my ain;
 Wi' tartan coat upo' your back,
 And single soled sheen;
 And little blue bonnetie on your head,
 And blessings on your een.

But how wou'd ye like me, Donald, she said,
 An I ware a' your ain,
 Wi' a siller snood into my head,
 A gowd fan in my hand,
 And maidens clad in green satins,
 To be at my command ?

Weel wou'd I like you, Lizie, he said,
 An ye ware a' my ain ;
 Wi' a siller snood into your head,
 A gowd fan in your hand ;
 But nane o' your maidens clad in green,
 To be at your command.

Then but it speaks her mither dear,
 Says, Lizie, I maun cross you ;
 To gang alang wi' this young man,
 We'd think we had but lost you.

O had your tongue, my mither dear,
 And dinna think to break me ;
 For I will gang wi' this young man,
 If it is his will to take me.

Donald M^cQueen rade up the green,
 On ane o' Dumfermlin's horses ;
 And Lizie Menzie followed him,
 Thro' a' her father's forces.

O follow me, Lizie, my heart's delight,
 And follow me for you please ;
 Rype well the grounds o' my ponches,
 And ye'll get tempting cheese.

O wae mat worth you, Donald M^cQueen,
 Alas ! that ever I saw thee ;
 The first love token ye gae me,
 Was the tempting cheese-o' Fyvie.

O wae be to the tempting cheese,
 The tempting cheese o' Fyvie,
 Gart me forsake my ain gudeman,
 And follow a footman laddie.

But lat me drink a hearty browst,
 Just sic as I did brew ;
 On Seton brave I turn'd my back,
 A' for the sake o' you.

She didna wear the silken gowns
 Were made into Dumbarton ;
 But she is to the Highlands gane,
 To wear the weeds o' tartan.

She's casten aff the high-heel'd sheen,
 Made o' the Turkey leather ;
 And she's put on the single brogues,
 To skip amo' the heather.

Well can Donald hunt the buck,
 And well can Lizzie sew ;
 When ither trades begin to fail,
 They can take their bowies and brew.

The Millar's Son.

O woe is me, the time draws nigh
 My love and I must part ;
 No one doth know the cares and fears
 Of my poor troubled heart.

Already I have suffered much,
 Our parting cost me dear ;
 Unless I were to go with you,
 Or you to tarry here.

My heart is fixed within his breast,
 And that he knows right well ;
 I fear that I some tears will shed,
 When I bid you farewell.

When I bid you farewell, she said,
 This day, and woe is me ;
 And cauld and shrill the wind blows still,
 Between my love and me.

The hat my love wears on his head,
 It's not made of the woo ;
 But it is o' the silk so fine,
 And becomes his noble brow.

His eyes do wink, and aye so jimp,
 His hair shines like the broom ;
 And I would not gie my laddie's love
 For all the wealth in Rome.

He said, Farewell, my dearest dear,
 Since from you I must go ;
 Let never your heart be full of grief,
 Nor anguish make you woe.

If life remains, I will return,
 And bear you companie ;
 Now cauld and shrill the wind blows still
 Between my love and me.

His bonny middle is so well made,
 His shoulders brave and braid ;
 Out of my mind he'll never be
 Till in my grave I'm laid.

Till I'm in grave laid low, she says,
 Alas ! and woe is me ;
 Now cauld and raw, the wind does blaw,
 Between my love and me.

Some do mourn for oxen, she said,
 And others mourn for kye ;
 And some do mourn for dowie death,
 But none for love but I.

What need I make all this din,
 For this will never dee ;
 And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
 Between my love and me.

She's taen her mantle her about,
 And sat down by the shore,
 In hopes to meet with some relief,
 But still her grief grew more.

O I'll sit here while my life's in,
 Untill the day I die ;
 O cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
 Between my love and me.

O see ye not yon bonny ship,
 She's beauteous to behold ;
 Her sails are of the tafety fine,
 Her topmasts shine like gold.

In yonder ship my love does skip,
 And quite forsaken me ;
 And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
 Between my love and me.

My love he's neither laird nor lord,
 Nor ane of noble kin ;
 But my bonny love, the sailor bold,
 Is a poor millar's son.

He is a millar's son, she says,
 And will be till he die ;
 And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
 Between my love and me.

My love he's bound to leave the land,
 And cross the watery faem ;
 And the bonny ship my love sails in,
 The Goldspink is her name.

She sails mair bright than Phœbus fair
 Out o'er the raging sea ;
 And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
 Between my love and me.

He promised to send letters to me,
 Ere six months they were gone ;
 But now nine months they are expired,
 And I've received none.

So I may sigh, and say, alas !
 This day, and woe is me ;
 And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
 Between my love and me.

I wish a stock-stone aye on earth,
 And high wings on the sea ;
 To cause my true love stay at home,
 And no more go from me.

What needs me for to wish in vain ?
 Such things will never be ;
 The wind blaws sair in every where
 Between my love and me.

PART SECOND.

A bonny boy the ballad read,
 Forbade them sair to lie ;
 She was a lady in Southland town,
 Her name was Barbarie.

She thought her love abroad was gone,
 Beyond the raging sea ;
 But there was nae mair between them twa,
 Than a green apple tree.

Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,
 No more from you I'll part ;
 I'm come to ease the cares and fears
 Of your poor troubled heart.

All for my sake ye've suffer'd much,
I'm come to cherish thee ;
And now we've met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die.

I wish'd your face was set in glass,
That I might it behold ;
And the very letters of your name,
Were wrote in beaten gold.

That I the same might bear about,
Thro' many strange countrie ;
But now we're met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die.

Here is a ring in pledge of love,
I still will you adore ;
Likewise a heart that none can move,
A prince can give no more.

A prince can give no more, my love,
Than what I give to thee ;
Now we are met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die.

I promised to send letters to thee,
Ere six months they were gone ;
But now nine months they are expired,
And I'm returned home.

Now from the seas I am return'd,
 My dear, to comfort thee ;
 And now we're met, nae mair to part,
 Until the day we die.

Ye say I'm neither laird nor lord,
 Nor one of noble kin ;
 But ye say I'm a sailor bold,
 But and a millar's son.

When ye come to my father's mill,
 Ye shall grind muture free ;
 Now we're met, nae mair to part,
 Until the day we die.

Ye say I'm bound to leave the land,
 And cross the watery faam ;
 The ship that your true love commands,
 The Goldspink is her name.

Tho' I were heir o'er all Scotland,
 Ye should be lady free ;
 And now we're met, nae mair to part,
 Until the day we die.

The Last Guid Night.

Now is my departing time,
 And I am gaen to leave you a';
 There's nae a rival in the toun,
 But what could wish I were awa'.
 My time is come, I maun demit,
 And frae your company reca';
 I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,—
 Guid-night, and joy be wi' you a'!

I've spent some time, I maun confess,
 In your sweet civil companie;
 For ony offence that I hae dune,
 I needs that I forgien may be.
 For what I've dune for want o' wit,
 My memory does not reca';
 But I'm now forced for to flit,—
 Guid-night, and joy be wi' you a'!

For compliments I never lo'ed,
 Nor yet ower talkative to be;
 Nor yet a multitude o' words,
 They belang to maids o' high degree.

For what I've done for want o' wit,
 My memory does not reca';
 I wish ye a' prosperity,—
 Guid-night, and joy be wi' you a'!

The Bonny Bows o' London.

There were twa sisters in a bower,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
 And ae king's son hae courted them baith,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

He courted the youngest wi' broach and ring,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
 He courted the eldest wi' some other thing,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

It fell ance upon a day,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding,
 The eldest to the youngest did say,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London:

Will ye gae to yon Tweed mill dam,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
 And see our father's ships come to land,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They baith stood up upon a stane,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding ;
 The eldest dang the youngest in,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

She swimm'd up, sae did she down,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding ;
 Till she came to the Tweed mill-dam,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

The millar's servant he came out,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding ;
 And saw the lady floating about,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

O master, master, set your mill,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding ;
 There is a fish, or a milk-white swan,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They could not ken her yellow hair,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding ;
 The scales o' gowd that were laid there,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They could not ken her fingers sae white,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding ;
 The rings o' gowd they were sae bright,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They could not ken her middle sae jimp,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
 The stays o' gowd were so well laced,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

They could not ken her foot sae fair,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
 The shoes o' gowd they were so rare,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

Her father's fiddler he came by,
 Hey wi' the gowd and the grinding;
 Upstarted her ghaist before his eye,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

Ye'll take a lock o' my yellow hair,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
 Ye'll make a string to your fiddle there,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

Ye'll take a lith o' my little finger bane,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
 And ye'll make a pin to your fiddle then,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

He's ta'en a lock o' her yellow hair,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding;
 And made a string to his fiddle there,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

He's taen a lith o' her little finger bane,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding ;
 And he's made a pin to his fiddle then,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

The first and spring the fiddle did play,
 Hey wi' the gay and the grinding ;
 Said, Ye'll drown my sister, as she's done me,
 At the bonny, bonny bows o' London.

The Abashed Knight.

It was early on a May morning,
 Before the sun upraise,
 I first put on my stockings,
 And then put on my claise.

I did me to a shott window,
 To see what I cou'd see ;
 And she's down amang the heather,
 That wi' her I'd live and die.

She's taen her mantle her about,
 Her coffer by the band ;
 And she's awa' to gude greenwood,
 As fast as she cou'd gang.

She hadna pu'ed a flower, a flower,
 Nor broken a branch but twa,
 Till by there came a gentleman,
 Said, Fair maid, come awa' ;

For I am forester in this wood,
 And I hae power to pine ;
 Your mantle or your maidenhead,
 Which o' them will ye twine ?

O, if ye take my silk mantle,
 Another I can spin ;
 But if ye take my maidenhead,
 The like I'll never fin'.

He looked high, and lighted low,
 Took the fair maid by the hand ;
 And gript her by the middle sma',
 Thinking to do her wrang.

But the maid, she being stout-hearted,
 And on her feet cou'd stand ;
 She loosed awa' her apron strings,
 And baith his hands she band.

Turn back, turn back, fair maid, he said,
 Loose me, and let me gang ;
 I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
 To you I'll do nae wrang.

But ha, ha, young man, she says,
 It lies not in you then ;
 Altho' I've lost my apron strings,
 It's you that has the shame.

The knight lay mourning by the way,
 The maid came singing hame ;
 O bonny, bonny is the heather
 In summer, when in bloom.

To lie my lane, I think it's lang,
 My bonny love fain wou'd see ;
 And he is down amang the heather,
 Wi' him I'd live and die.

Lord Salton & Auchanachie.

Auchanachie Gordon is bonny and braw,
 He would tempt any woman that ever he saw ;
 He would tempt any woman, so has he tempted me,
 And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.

In came her father tripping on the floor,
 Says, Jeanie, ye're trying the tricks o' a whore ;
 Ye're caring for them that cares little for thee,
 Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

Auchanachie Gordon, he is but a man,
 Altho' he be pretty, where lies his free land ?
 Salton's lands they lie broad, his towers they stand hie,
 Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

Salton will gar you wear silk gowns fring'd to thy knee,
 But ye'll never wear that wi' your love Auchanachie.
 Wi' Auchanachie Gordon I would beg my bread,
 Before that wi' Salton I'd wear gowd on my head ;

Wear gowd on my head, or gowns fring'd to the knee,
 And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie ;
 O Salton's valley lies low by the sea,
 He's bowed on the back, and thrawin on the knee.

O Salton's a valley lies low by the sea,
 Though he's bowed on the back, and thrawin on the knee,
 Though he's bowed on the back, and thrawin on the knee,
 The bonny rigs of Salton they're nae thrawin tee.

O you that are my parents, to church may me bring,
 But unto young Salton I'll never bear a son ;
 For son, or for daughter, I'll ne'er bow my knee,
 And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.

When Jeanie was married, from church was brought hame,
 When she wi' her maidens sae merry shou'd hae been ;
 When she wi' her maidens sae merry shou'd hae been,
 She's called for a chamber to weep there her lane.

Come to your bed Jeanie, my honey and my sweet,
 For to stile you mistress I do not think it meet.
 Mistress, or Jeanie, it is a' ane to me,
 It's in your bed, Salton, I never will be.

Then out spake her father, he spake wi' renown,
 Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff her gown ;
 Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff her gown,
 And I'll mend the marriage wi' ten thousand crowns.

Then ane of her maidens they loosed aff her gown,
 But bonny Jeanie Gordon, she fell in a swoon ;
 She fell in a swoon low down by their knee,
 Says, Look on, I die for my love Auchanachie !

That very same day Miss Jeanie did die,
 And hame came Auchanachie, hame frae the sea ;
 Her father and mither welcom'd him at the gate,
 He said, Where's Miss Jeanie, that she's nae here yet ?

Then forth came her maidens, all wringing their hands,
 Saying, Alas ! for your staying sae lang frae the land ;
 Sae lang frae the land, and sae lang frae the ffeed,
 They've wedded your Jeanie, and now she is dead !

Some of you, her maidens, take me by the hand,
 And show me the chamber, Miss Jeanie died in ;
 He kiss'd her cold lips, which were colder than stane,
 And he died in the chamber that Jeanie died in.

The Death of John Seton.

It fell about the month of June,
On Tuesday, timouslie ;
The northern lords hae pitch'd their camps,
Beyond the brig o' Dee.

They ca'ed him Major Middleton,
That man'd the brig o' Dee ;
They ca'ed him Colonel Henderson,
That gar'd the cannons flee.

Bonny John Seton o' Pitmedden,
A brave baron was he ;
He made his tesment ere he gaed,
And the wiser man was he.

He left his lands unto his heir,
His lady her dowrie ;
Ten thousand crowns to Lady Jane,
Sat on the nourice knee.

Then out it speaks his lady gay,
O stay my lord wi' me ;
For word is come, the cause is won,
Beyond the brig o' Dee.

He turned him right and round about,
 And a light laugh gae he ;
 Says, I woudna for my lands sae broad,
 I stayed this night wi' thee.

He's taen his sword then by his side,
 His buckler by his knee ;
 And laid his leg in o'er his horse,
 Said, Sodgers, follow me !

So he rade on, and further on,
 Till to the third mile corse ;
 The covenanters' cannon balls,
 Dang him aff o' his horse.

Up then rides him Cragievar,
 Said, Wha's this lying here ?
 It surely is the Lord o' Aboyne,
 For Huntly was not here.

Then out it speaks a fause Forbes,
 Lived up in Druminner ;
 My lord, this is a proud Seton,
 The rest will ride the thinner.

Spulzie him, spulzie him, said Craigievar,
 O spulzie him, presentlie,
 For I could lay my lugs in pawn,
 He had nae gude will at me.

They've taen the shoes frae aff his feet,
 The garters frae his knee ;
 Likewise the gloves upon his hands,—
 They've left him not a flee.

His fingers they were sae sair swell'd,
 The rings would not come aff ;
 They cutted the grips out o' his ears,
 Took out the gowd signots.

Then they rade on, and further on,
 Till they came to the Crabestane ;
 And Craigievar, he had a mind,
 To burn a' Aberdeen.

Out it speaks the gallant Montrose,
 (Grace on his fair body !)
 We winna burn the bonny burgh,
 We'll even lat it be.

Then out it speaks the gallant Montrose,
 Your purpose I will break ;
 We winna burn the bonny burgh,
 We'll never build its make.

I see the women and their children,
 Climbing the craigs sae hie ;
 We'll sleep this night in the bonny burgh,
 And even lat it be.

Walter Lesly.

On the second of October,
A Monday at noon ;
In came Walter Lesly,
To see his proper one.
He set a chair down by her side,
And gently sat her by ;
Says, Will ye go to Conland,
This winter time to lye ?

He's taen a glass into his hand,
Inviting her to drink ;
But little knew she his meaning,
Or what the rogue did think.
Nor what the rogue did think,
To steal the maid away ;
Will ye go to Conland,
This winter time to lye ?

When they had taen a glass or two,
And all were making merry ;
In came Geordy Lesly,
And forth he did her carry.
Then upon high horseback
Sae hard's he did her tye ;

Will ye go to Conland,
This winter time to lye ?

Her mother she came to the door,
The saut tears on her cheek ;
She coudna see her daughter,
It was for dust and reek ;
It was for dust and reek,
The swords they glanc'd sae high ;
And will ye go to Conland,
This winter time to lye ?

When they came to the ale-house,
The people there were busy ;
A bridal bed it was well made,
And supper well made ready.
When the supper down was set,
Baith plum-pudding and pie ;
And will ye go to Conland,
This winter time to lye ?

When they had eaten and well drunken,
And a' man bound for bed ;
The laddie and the lassie,
In ae chamber were laid.
He quickly stript her to the smock,
And gently laid her bye ;
Says, Will ye go to Conland,
This winter time to lye ?

But Walter being weary,
 He fell fast asleep ;
 And then the lassie thought it fit,
 To start up till her feet ;
 To start up till her feet,
 And her petticoats to tye ;
 We'll go no more to Conland,
 The winter time to lye.

Then over moss, and over muir,
 Sae cleverly she ran ;
 And over hill, and over dale,
 Without stockings or shoon.
 The men pursued her full fast,
 Wi' mony shout and cry ;
 Says, Will ye go to Conland,
 The winter time to lye ?

Wae to the dubs o' Duffus' land,
 That e'er they were sae deep ;
 They've trachled a' our horsemen,
 And gart our captain sleep ;
 And gart our captain sleep,
 And the lassie win away ;
 And she'll go no more to Conland,
 The winter time to lye.

I'd rather be in Duffus' land,
 Selling at the ale ;

Before I was wi' Lesly,
 For a' his auld meal ;
 For a' his auld meal,
 And sae mony comes to buy ;
 I'll go no more to Conland,
 The winter time to lye.

I'd rather be in Duffus' land,
 Dragging at the ware ;
 Before I was wi' Lesly,
 For a' his yellow hair ;
 For a' his yellow hair,
 And sae well's he can it tye ;
 I'll go no more to Conland,
 This winter time to lye.

It was not for her beauty,
 Nor yet her gentle bluid ;
 But for her mither's dollars,
 Of them he had great need ;
 Of them he had great need,
 Now he maun do them by ;
 For she'll go no more to Conland,
 This winter time to lye.

O'er the Water to Charlie.

As I came by the shore o' Florth,
 And in by the craigs o' Bernie ;
 There I spied a ship on the sea,
 And the skipper o' her was Charlie.

Chorus.—O'er the water, and o'er the sea,
 O'er the water to Charlie ;
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbie,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

Charlie keeps nae needles nor pins,
 And Charlie keeps nae trappin' ;
 But Charlie keeps twa bonny black een,
 Would had the lasses waukin'.
 O'er the water, &c.

O Charlie is neither laird nor lord,
 Nor Charlie is a caddie ;
 But Charlie has twa bonny red cheeks,
 And he's my juggler laddie.
 O'er the water, &c.

A pinch o' snuff to poison the whigs;
 A gill o' Geneva to drown them ;

And he that winna drink Charlie's health,
 May roaring seas surround him.
Chorus.—O'er the water, and o'er the sea,
 And o'er the water to Charlie ;
 I'll gie John Brown another half-crown
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

The Baron o' Leys.

The Baron o' Leys to France is gane,
 The fashion and tongue to learn ;
 But hadna been there a month or twa,
 Till he gat a lady wi' bairn.

But it fell ance upon a day,
 The lady mourn'd fu' sairlye ;
 Says, Who's the man has me betrayed ?
 It gars me wonder and fairlie.

Then to the fields to him she went,
 Saying, Tell me what they ca' thee ;
 Or else I'll mourn and rue the day,
 Crying, alas ! that ever I saw thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
 I carena fat befa' me ;

For when I'm at the schools o' France,
An awkward fellow they ca' me.

Waes me now, ye awkward fellow,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
Wi' you I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna well fat they ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
What name does best befa' me;
For when I walk in Edinburgh streets,
The Curling Buckle they ca' me.

O waes me now, O Curling Buckle,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna well fat they ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
Whatever name best befa's me;
But when I'm in Scotland's king's high court,
Clatter the Speens they ca' me.

O waes me now, O Clatter the Speens,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna well fat to ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
I carena what they ca' me;

But when wi' the Earl o' Murray I ride,
It's Scour the Brass they ca' me.

O waes me now, O Scour the Brass,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna well fat to ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
Whatever name best befa's me;
But when I walk thro' Saint Johnstone's town,
George Burnett they ca' me.

O waes me, O waes me, George Burnett,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna well fat to ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
Whatever name best befa's me;
But when I am on bonny Dee side,
The Baron o' Leys they ca' me.

O weal is me now, O Baron o' Leys,
This day that ever I saw thee;
There's gentle blood within my sides,
And now ken fat they ca' thee.

But ye'll pay down ten thousand crowns,
Or marry me the morn;

Else I'll cause you be headed or hang'd,
For gieing me the scorn.

My head is a thing I cannot well want,
My lady loves me sae dearly;
But I'll deal the gold right liberally,
For lying ae night sae near thee.

When word had gane to the Lady o' Leys
The baron had gotten a bairn;
She clapped her hands, and this did say,
I wish he were in my arms!

O weal is me now, O Baron o' Leys,
For ye hae pleased me sairly;
Frae her house she banish'd the vile reproach
That disturbs us late and early.

When she looked ower her castle wa',
To view the woods sae rarely;
There she spied the Baron o' Leys
Ride on his steed sae rarely.

Then forth she went her baron to meet,
Says, Ye're welcome to me, fairly;
Ye'se hae spice cakes, and seed cakes sweet,
And claret to drink sae rarely.

The Duke of Argyle's Courtship.

Did you ever hear of a loyal Scot,
Who was never concern'd in any plot ?
I wish it could fall in my lot,
To marry you, my dearie, O.

O, if I had you in Kintyre,
To follow me thro' dub and mire ;
Then I wou'd hae my heart's desire,
And marry you, my dearie, O.

Altho' you had me in Kintyre,
To follow you thro' dub and mire ;
I wou'd hae naething I cou'd desire,
And I'll never be your dearie, O.

Ye shall hae barley bannocks store,
Wi' geese and gaizlings at your door ;
A good chaff bed upon the floor,
If you'll marry me, my dearie, O.

Ye shall hae plenty good Scotch kale,
And after that Scotch cakes and ale ;
A good fat haggis at every meal,
If you'll marry me, my dearie, O.

Begone, ye proud and pawky Scot,
 Your haggis shall ne'er boil in my pot ;
 You're but a proud and prating sot,
 And I'll never be your dearie, O.

Ye'se hae men and maidens stout and stark,
 Baith in and out to work your wark ;
 And I will kiss you in the dark,
 If you'll marry me, your dearie, O.

I'll clout your stockings, mend your shoon,
 And if you chance to have a son,
 I'll make him a lord when a' is done,
 If you'll marry me, your dearie, O.

Your cloutet stockings I cannot wear,
 Your mendit shoes cannot endure ;
 As for your lordship, it is not sure,
 And I'll never be your dearie, O.

Ye shall get a braw red plaid,
 Wi' siller laces round it laid ;
 Wi' my broadsword I will you guard,
 If you'll marry me, your dearie, O.

Did you but see my bonnet blue,
 Which is right comely for to view ;
 It's wated round wi' ribbons new,
 You wou'd marry me, your dearie, O.

Wi' your blue bonnet ye think ye're braw,
 But I ken nae use for it at a',
 But be a nest to our dag daw,
 And I'll never be your dearie, O.

The diel pyke out your twa black een,
 I wish your face I'd never seen;
 You're but a proud and saucy quein,
 And ye'se never be my dearie, O.

I am a lord o' high renown,
 My name's Argyle, when I'm in town,
 The cannon balls flie up and down,
 And ye'se never be my dearie, O.

Hold! great Argyle, now pardon me,
 For the offence I've done to thee;
 O'er Highland hills I'll go thee wi',
 And I long to be your dearie, O.

There was never a jilt in London town,
 That e'er shall set foot on Campbell's groun';
 I'm something related to the crown,
 And ye'se never be my dearie, O.

O, great Argyle, I'm sick in love,
 There's nane but you can it remove;
 If I getna you, I'll die for love,
 For I long to be your dearie, O.

You mean to flatter, as I suppose,
 Wi' your poky face and Roman nose ;
 Go get you down amang your foes,
 For ye'se never be my dearie, O.

The Laird o' Meldrum and Peggy Douglas.

My father he left me twa ploughs and a mill,
 It was to begin my dowrie ;
 And what care I for ony o' them a',
 If I be not brave Meldrum's ladie.

Meldrum, it stands on the head o' yon hill,
 And dear but it stands bonny ;
 But what care I for this, if I had himsell,
 For to me, he's the dearest o' ony.

But how can I be the lady o' Argye,
 The lady o' Pitlays, or Pitloggan ?
 How can I expect to enjoy these estates,
 And I but a servant woman ?

In climbing the tree, it is too high for me,
 And seeking the fruit that's nae growing ;
 I'm seeking het water beneath cauld ice,
 And against the stream I am rowing.

But Meldrum he stands on his ain stair head,
 And hearing his bonny lassie mourning;
 Says, Cheer up your heart, my ain proper pink,
 Tho' ye be but a servant woman.

Ye're nae climbing a tree that's too high for thee,
 Nor seeking the fruit that's nae growing;
 Nor seeking het water beneath cauld ice,
 It's wi' the stream that ye are rowing.

They ca' me Peggy Douglass the butt, she says,
 They ca' me Peggy Douglass the ben, sir;
 And altho' I were your wedded wife,
 They wou'd ca' me Peggy Douglass again, sir.

They ca' you Peggy Douglass the butt, he says,
 They ca' you Peggy Douglass the ben, may;
 But the best that's in a' my father's ha',
 Darena ca' you Peggy Douglass again, may.

When he had her up to yon stair head,
 She was but a servant woman;
 But lang, lang ere she came down again,
 She was getting baith mistress and madam.

Yestreen I sat by Meldrum's kitchen fire,
 Among the rest o' his servant lasses;
 But the night I will lye in his arms twa,
 And I'll wear the ribbons and laces.

Johnny, Lad.

I bought a wife in Edinburgh,
 For æ bawbie ;
 I gat a farthing in again,
 To buy tobacco wi'.

We'll bore in Aaron's nose a hole,
 And put therein a ring ;
 And straight we'll lead him to and fro,
 Yea, lead him in a string.

Chorus.—And wi' you, and wi' you,
 And wi' you, my Johnny, lad ;
 I'll drink the buckles o' my sheen,
 Wi' you, my Johnny, lad.

When auld Prince Arthur ruled this land,
 He was a thievish king ;
 He stole three bolls o' barley meal,
 To make a white pudding.
 And wi' you, &c.

The pudding it was sweet and good,
 And stored well wi' plums ;
 The lumps o' suet into it,
 Were big as baith my thumbs.
 And wi' you, &c.

There was a man in Ninevah,
 And he was wondrous wise ;
 He jump'd into a hawthorn hedge,
 And scratch'd out baith his eyes.
 And wi' you, &c.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
 He was sair vexed then ;
 He jump'd intill anither hedge,
 And scratch'd them in again.
 And wi' you, &c.

O Johnny's nae a gentleman,
 Nor yet is he a laird ;
 But I would follow Johnny, lad,
 Altho' he were a caird.
 And wi' you, &c.

O Johnny is a bonny lad,
 He was ance a lad o' mine ;
 I never had a better lad,
 And I've had twenty-nine.
 And wi' you, &c.

Donald of the Isles.

A bonny laddie brisk and gay,
A handsome youth sae brisk and gaddie ;
And he is on to Glasgow town,
To steal awa' his bonny Peggy.

When he came into Glasgow town,
Upon her father's green sae steady ;
Come forth, come forth, old man, he says,
For I am come for bonny Peggy.

Out it spake her father then,
Begone from me, ye Highland laddie ;
There's nane in a' the west country
Dare steal from me my bonny Peggy.

I've ten young men all at my back,
That ance to me were baith true and steady ;
If ance I call, they'll soon be nigh,
And bring to me my bonny Peggy.

Out it spake her mother then,
Dear but she spake wond'rous saucy ;
Says, Ye may steal my cow or ewe,
But I'll keep sight o' my ain lassie.

Hold your tongue, old woman, he says,
 Ye think your wit it is fu' ready ;
 For cow nor ewe I ever stole,
 But I will steal your bonny Peggy.

Then all his men they boldly came,
 That was to him baith true and steady ;
 And thro' the ha' they quickly went,
 And forth they carried bonny Peggy.

Her father gae mony shout and cry,
 Her mother cursed the Highland laddie ;
 But he heard them, as he heard them not,
 But fix'd his eye on bonny Peggy.

He set her on his milk-white steed,
 And he himsell on his grey naigie ;
 Still along the way they rode,
 And he's awa' wi' bonny Peggy.

Says, I wad gie baith cow and ewe,
 And sae wou'd I this tartan plaidie,
 That I was far into the north,
 And alang wi' me my bonny Peggy.

As they rode down yon pleasant glen,
 For trees and brambles were right mony,
 There they met the Earl o' Hume,
 And his young son, were riding bonny.

Then out it spake the young Earl Hume,
 Dear but he spake wond'rous gaudie ;
 I'm wae to see sae fair a dame
 Riding alang wi' a Highland laddie.

Hold your tongue, ye young Earl Hume,
 O dear but ye do speak right gaudie ;
 There's nae a lord in a' the south,
 Dare e'er compete wi' a Highland laddie.

Then he rade five miles thro' the north,
 Thro' mony hills sae rough and scroggie ;
 Till they came down to a low glen,
 And he lay down wi' bonny Peggy.

Then he inclosed her in his arms,
 And row'd her in his tartan plaidie ;
 There are blankets and sheets in my father's house,
 How have I lien down wi' a Highland laddie !

Says he, There are sheep in my father's fauld,
 And every year their wool is ready ;
 By the same our debts we pay,
 Altho' I be but a Highland laddie.

There are fifty cows in my father's byre,
 That all are tyed to the stakes, and ready ;
 Five thousand pounds I hae ilk year,
 Altho' I be but a Highland laddie.

My father has fifty well shod horse,
 Besides your steed and my grey naigie ;
 I'm Donald o' the Isle o' Sky,
 Why may not you be ca'd a lady ?

See ye not yon fine castle,
 On yonder hill that stands sae gaudie ;
 And there we'll win this very night,
 Where ye'll enjoy your Highland laddie.

Portmore.

O Donaldie, Donaldie, where hae you been ?
 A hawking and hunting, go make my bed seen ;
 Gae make my bed seen, and stir up the strae,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I gae.

Let's drink and gae hame, boys, let's drink and gae hame,
 If we stay ony langer we'll get a bad name ;
 We'll get a bad name, and fill oursell's fou,
 And the lang woods o' Derry are ill to gae thro'.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and catching the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

O, bonny Portmore, ye shine where you charm
 The more I think on you, the more my heart warms;
 When I look from you, my heart it is sore,
 When I mind upon Valiantny, and on Portmore.

There are mony words, But few o' the best,
 And he that speaks fewest, lives langest at rest;
 My mind, by experience, teaches me so,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

John Thomson and the Turk.

John Thomson fought against the Turks,
 Three years into a far country;
 And all that time, and something more,
 Was absent from his gay lady.

But it fell ance upon a time,
 As this young chieftain sat alane,
 He spied his lady in rich array,
 As she walk'd o'er a rural plain.

What brought you here, my lady gay?
 So far awa' from your own country;
 I've thought lang, and very lang,
 And all for your fair face to see.

For some days she did with him stay,
 Till it fell apace upon a day ;
 Farewell, for a time, she said,
 For now I must bound home away.

He's gien to her a jewel fine,
 Was set with pearl and precious stone ;
 Says, My love, beware of these savages bold,
 That's on your way as ye go home.

Ye'll take the road, my lady fair,
 That leads you fair across the lee ;
 That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,
 And likewise from base Violentrie.

With heavy heart these two did part,
 And minted as she would go home ;
 Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,
 But to base Violentrie she's gone.

When a twelvemonth had expired,
 John Thomson he thought wond'rous lang,
 And he has written a broad letter,
 And seal'd it well with his own hand.

He sent it along with a small vessel,
 That there was quickly going to sea ;
 And sent it on to fair Scotland,
 To see about his gay ladie.

But the answer he received again,
 The lines did grieve his heart right sair ;
 None of her friends there had her seen,
 For a twelvemonth and something mair.

Then he put on a palmer's weed,
 And took a pikestaff in his hand ;
 To Violentrie's castle he hied,
 But slowly, slowly he did gang.

When within the hall he came,
 He jouk'd and couch'd out o'er his tree ;
 If ye be lady of this hall,
 Some of your good bountieth give me.

What news, what news, palmer, she said ?
 And from what countrie came ye ?
 I'm lately comé from Grecian plains,
 Where lys some of the Scots' army.

If ye be come from Grecian plains,
 Some more news I will ask of thee ;
 Of one of the chieftains that lies there,
 If he have lately seen his gay ladie ?

It is two months, and something more,
 Since we did part in yonder plain ;
 And now this knight has begun to fear,
 One of his foes he has her taen.

He has not taen me by force nor might,
 It was all by my own free will ;
 He may tarry in the fight,
 For here I mean to tarry still.

And if John Thomson ye do see,
 Tell him I wish him silent sleep ;
 His head was not so cozelie,
 Nor yet so well as lies at my feet.

With that he threw his strange disguise,
 Laid by the mask that he had on ;
 Said, Hide me now, my ladie fair,
 For Violentrie will soon be home.

For the love I bare thee once,
 I'll strive to hide you if I can.
 Then put him down to a dark cellar,
 Where there lye mony a new slain man.

But he hadna in the cellar been
 Not an hour but barely three,
 Till hideous was the sound he heard,
 Then in at the gates came Violentrie.

Says, I wish you well, my lady fair,
 It's time for us to sit and dine ;
 Come, serve me with the good white bread,
 And likewise with the claret wine.

That Scots' chieftain, our mortal foe,
 So oft from field has made us flee ;
 Ten thousand sequins this day I'd give,
 That I his face could only see.

Of that same gift would ye give me,
 If I could bring him unto thee ?
 I fairly hold you at your word,
 Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord.

Then from the vault John Thomson came,
 Wringing his hands most piteouslie ;
 What would ye do, the Turk, he cried,
 If ye had me, as I have thee ?

If I had you as ye have me,
 I'll tell you what I'd do to thee ;
 I'd hang you up in good greenwood,
 And cause your own hand wile the tree.

I meant to stick you with my knife,
 For kissing my beloved wife ;
 But that same weed ye've shaped for me,
 It quickly shall be sewed for thee.

Then to the wood they both are gone,
 John Thomson clamb from tree to tree ;
 And aye he sigh'd, and said, ohon !
 Here comes the day that I must die !

He tied a ribbon on every branch,
 Put up a flag his men might see ;
 But little did his false foe ken,
 He meant them any injurie.

He set his horn to his mouth,
 And he has blawn baith loud and shrill ;
 And then three thousand armed men
 Came tripping all out o'er the hill.

Deliver us our chief, they all did cry,
 It's by our hand that ye must die !
 Here is your chief, the Turk replied,
 With that fell on his bended knee.

O mercy, mercy, good fellows all,
 Mercy, I pray you'll grant to me !
 Such mercy as ye meant to give,
 Such mercy we shall give to thee.

This Turk they in his castle burnt,
 That stood upon yon hill so hie ;
 John Thomson's gay lady they took,
 And hang'd her on yon greenwood tree.

Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant.

As Jock the Leg and the merry merchant
Came from yon borrow's town,
They took their budgets on their backs,
And fieldert they were boun'.

But they came to a tavern house,
Where chapmen used to be ;
Provide, provide, said Jock the Leg,
A good supper for me.

For the merry merchant shall pay it a',
Tho' it were good merks three.
But never a penny, said the merry merchant,
But shot, as it fa's me.

A bed, a bed, said the merry merchant,
It's time to go to rest ;
And that ye shall, said the good goodwife,
And your cov'ring's o' the best.

Then Jock the Leg in one chamber was laid,
The merchant in another ;
And lockfast door atween them twa,
That the one might not see the other.

But the merchant was not well lain down,
 Nor yet well fa'en asleep ;
 Till up it starts him, Jock the Leg,
 Just at the merchant's feet.

Win up, win up, said Jock the Leg,
 We might hae been miles three ;
 But never a foot, said the merry merchant,
 Till day that I do see :

For I cannot go by Barnisdale,
 Nor yet by Coventry ;
 For Jock the Leg, that common thief,
 Would take my pack from me.

I'll hae you in by Barnisdale,
 And down by Coventry ;
 And I'll guard you frae Jock the Leg,
 Till day that ye do see.

When they were in by Barnisdale,
 And in by Coventry ;
 Repeat, repeat, said Jock the Leg,
 The words ye ance tauld me.

I never said aught behind your back
 But what I'll say to thee ;
 Are ye that robber, Jock the Leg,
 Will take my pack frae me ?

O by my sooth, said Jock the Leg,
 You'll find that man I be ;
 Surrender that pack that's on your back,
 Or then be slain by me.

He's ta'en his pack down frae his back,
 Set it below yon tree ;
 Says, I will fight for my good pack,
 Till day that I may see.

Then they fought there in good greenwood
 Till they were bloody men ;
 The robber on his knees did fall,
 Said, Merchant, hold your hand.

An asking, asking, said Jock the Leg,
 An asking ye'll grant me ;
 Ask on, ask on, said the merry merchant,
 For men to asking are free,

I've dune little harm to you, he said,
 More than you'd been my brother ;
 Give me a blast o' my little wee horn,
 And I'll give you another.

A blast o' your little wee horn, he said,
 Of this I take no doubt ;
 I hope you will take such a blast,
 Ere both your eyes fly out.

He set his horn to his mouth,
 And he blew loud and shrill ;
 And four-and-twenty bauld bowmen
 Came Jock the Leg until.

Ohon, alas ! said the merry merchant,
 Alas ! and woe is me !
 Sae many, a party o' common thieves,
 But nane to party me !

Ye'll wile out six o' your best bowmen,
 Yourself the seventh to be ;
 And put me one foot frae my pack,
 My pack ye shall have free.

He wiled six o' his best bowmen,
 Himself the seventh to be ;
 But frae his pack they couldna get,
 For all that they could dee.

He's taen his pack into one hand,
 His broadsword in the other ;
 And he slew five o' the best bowmen,
 And the sixth he has dung over.

Then all the rest they gae a shout,
 As they stood by the tree ;
 Some said, they would this merchant head,
 Some said, they'd let him be.

But Jock the Leg he then replied,
 To this I'll not agree ;
 He is the boldest broadsword man
 That ever I fought wi'.

If ye could wield the bow, the bow,
 As ye can do the brand ;
 I would hae you to good greenwood,
 To be my master's man.

Tho' I could wield the bow, the bow,
 As I can do the brand ;
 I would not gang to good greenwood,
 To join a robber band.

O give me some of your fine linen,
 To cleathe my men and me ;
 And ye'se hae some of my dun deers' skins
 Below yon greenwood tree.

Ye'se hae nane o' my fine linen,
 To cleathe your men and thee ;
 And I'll hae nane o' your stown deers' skins
 Below yon greenwood tree.

Ye'll take your pack upon your back,
 And travel by land or sea ;
 In brough or land, wherever we meet,
 Good billies we shall be.

I'll take my pack upon my back,
 And go by land or sea ;
 In brough or land, wherever we meet,
 A rank thief I'll call thee.

Captain Johnstoun's last farewell.

Gude people all where e'er you be,
 That hear my diamal doom,
 Hae some regard to pity me,
 Who now, *alas!* am come,
 To die an ignominious death,
 As it doth well appear ;
 For I declare with my last breath,
 Your laws are most severe.

In Scotland I was bred and born,
 Of noble parents there ;
 Gude education did adorn,
 My life, I do declare.
 Nae crime did e'er my conscience stain,
 Till I had ventured here ;
 Thus, have I reason to complain,
 Your laws are most severe.

In Flanders I hae faced the French,
 And likewise in Ireland ;
 Still eagerly pursued the chace,
 With valiant heart and hand.
 Why was I not in battle slain,
 Rather than suffer here,
 A death which mortals do disdain ?
 Your laws are most severe.

I did not hurt, nor wrong intend,
 I solemnly protest ;
 But merely for to help a friend,
 I granted his request.
 To free his lady out of thrall,
 His joy and only dear ;
 And now my life must pay for all,—
 Your laws are most severe.

In coming to my native land,
 At this unhappy time,
 Alas ! I did not understand
 The nature of the crime.
 Therefore I soon did condescend,
 As it doth well appear ;
 Wherein I find I do offend,—
 Your laws are most severe.

In the same lodgings where I lay,
 And lived at bed and board ;

My landlord did my life betray,
 For fifty pounds reward.
 And being into prison cast,
 Altho' with conscience clear ;
 I was arraigned at the last,—
 Your laws are most severe.

This lady would not hear my moan,
 While dying words I sent ;
 Her cruel heart, more hard than stone,
 Would not the least relent.
 But triumphing in my wretched state,
 As I do often hear ;
 I fall here by the hand of fate,—
 Your laws are most severe.

Will not my gude and gracious king
 Be merciful to me ?
 Is there not in his breast a spring
 Of princely clemencie ?
 No ! not for me, alas ! I die !
 My hour is drawing near ;
 To the last minute I will cry,—
 Your laws are most severe.

Farewell, dear countrymen, said he,
 And this tumultuous noise ;
 My soul shall now transported be,
 To more celestial joys.

Tho' in the blossom of my youth,
 Pale death I do not fear ;
 Unto the last I speak the truth,
 Your laws are most severe.

Alas ! I have not long to live,
 And therefore, now, said he,
 All those that wrong'd me I forgive,
 As God will pardon me.
 My landlord and his subtile wife,
 I do forgive them here ;
 Farewell, this transitory life,—
 Your laws are most severe.

Lizie Baillie.

It fell about the Lammass time,
 When flowers were fresh and green ;
 Lizie Baillie to Gartartan went,
 To see her sister Jean.

She meant to go unto that place,
 To stay a little while ;
 But mark what fortune her befell,
 When she went to the isle.

It fell out upon a day,
 Sheep-shearing at an end ;
 Lizie Baillie she walk'd out,
 To see a distant friend.

But going down in a low glen,
 She met wi' Duncan Graeme,
 Who courted her along the way,
 Likewise convoyed her hame.

My bonny Lizie Baillie,
 I'll row you in my plaidie ;
 If ye'll gang ower the hills wi' me,
 And be a Highland ladie.

I winna gang alang wi' you,
 Indeed I maun confess ;
 I can neither milk cow nor ewe,
 Nor yet can I speak Earse.

O never fear, Lizie, he said,
 If ye will gang wi' me ;
 All that is into my place,
 Can speak as gude Scotch as thee.

But for a time, we now maun part,
 I hinna time to tarry ;
 Next when we twa meet again,
 Will be in Castlecarray.

When Lizie tarried out her time,
 Unto her father's came ;
 The very first night she arrived,
 Wha comes but Duncan Graeme:

Says, Bonny Lizie Baillie,
 A gude deed mat ye die ;
 Altho' to me ye brake your tryst,
 Now I am come for thee.

O stay at hame, her father said,
 Your mither cannot want thee ;
 And gin ye gang awa' this night,
 We'll hae a Killycrankie.

My bonny Lizie Baillie,
 O come to me without delay.
 O wou'd ye hae sse little wit,
 As mind what odd folks wad say ?

She wou'dna hae the Lowlandman,
 That wears the coat sse blue ;
 But she wou'd hae the Highlandman,
 That wears the plaid and trews.

Out it spake her mother then,
 A sorry heart had she ;
 Says, Wae be to his Highland face,
 That's taen my lass frae me !

The Countess of Erroll.

Erroll it's a bonny place,
It stands upon a plain ;
A bad report this ladie's rais'd,
That Erroll is nae a man.

But it fell ance upon a day,
Lord Erroll went frae hame ;
And he is on to the hunting gane,
Single man alane.

But he hadna been frae the town,
A mile but barely twa ;
Till his lady is on to Edinburgh,
To gain him at the law.

O Erroll he kent little o' that,
Till he sat down to dine ;
And as he was at dinner set,
His servant loot him ken.

Now saddle to me the black, the black,
Go saddle to me the brown ;
And I will on to Edinburgh,
Her errands there to ken.

She wasna well thro' Aberdeen,
 Nor pass'd the well o' Spa,
 Till Erroll he was after her,
 The verity to shaw.

She wasna well in Edinburgh,
 Nor even thro' the town,
 Till Erroll he was after her,
 Her errands there to ken.

When he came to the court-house,
 And lighted on the green,
 This lord was there in time enough
 To hear her thus compleen :—

What needs me wash my apron,
 Or drie't upon a door ?
 What needs I eek my petticoat,
 Hings even down afore ?

What needs me wash my apron,
 Or hing it upon a pin ?
 For lang will I gang but and ben,
 Or I hear my young son's din.

They ca' you Kate Carnegie, he says,
 And my name's Gilbert Hay ;
 I'll gar your father sell his land,
 Your tocher down to pay.

To gar my father sell his land
 For that would be a sin ;
 To such a noughtless heir as you,
 That canno' get a son.

Then out it speaks him Lord Brechen,
 The best an' lord ava ;
 I never saw a lady come
 Wi' sic matters to the law.

Then out it speaks another lord,
 The best in a' the town ;
 Ye'll wyle out fifeteen maidens bright,
 Before Lord Erroll come.
 And he has chosen a tapster lass,
 And Meggie was her name.

They kept up this fair maiden
 Three quarters of a year ;
 And then at that three quarters' end,
 A young son she did bear.

They hae gi'en to Meggie then
 Five ploughs but and a mill ;
 And they hae gi'en her five hundred pounds
 For to bring up her chill.

There was no lord in Edinburgh
 But to Meggie gae a ring ;
 And there was na a boy in a' the town
 But on Katie had a sang.

Kinnaird, take hame your daughter,
 And set her to the glen ;
 For Erroll cannot pleasure her,
 Nor nane o' Erroll's men.

Seven years on Erroll's table
 There stand clean dish and speen ;
 And every day the bell is rung,
 Cries, Lady, come and dine !

Willie Doo.

Whare hae ye been a' the day,
 Willie Doo, Willie Doo ?
 Whare hae ye been a' the day,
 Willie, my doo ?

I've been to see my step-mother,
 Make my bed, lay me down ;
 Make my bed, lay me down,—
 Die shall I now !

What got ye frae your step-mother,
 Willie Doo, Willie Doo !
 What got ye frae your step-mother,
 Willie, my doo ?

She gaed me a speckled trout,
 Make my bed, lay me down ;
 She gaed me a speckled trout,—
 Die shall I now !

Whare got she the speckled trout,
 Willie Doo, Willie, Doo ?
 She got it amang the heather hills,—
 Die shall I now !

What did she boil it in,
 Willie Doo, Willie Doo ?
 She boil'd it in the billy-pot,—
 Die shall I now !

What gaed she you for to drink,
 Willie Doo, Willie Doo ?
 What gaed she you for to drink,
 Willie, my doo !

She gaed me hemlock stocks,
 Make my bed; lay me down ;
 Made in the brewing pot,—
 Die shall I now !

They made his bed, laid him down,
 Poor Willie Doo, Willie Doo ;
 He turn'd his face to the wa',—
 He is dead now !

The Earl of Douglas and Dame Oliphant.

Willie was an earl's ae son,
And an earl's ae son was he ;
But he thought his father lack to sair,
And his mother of low degree.

But he is on to fair England,
To sair for meat and fee ;
And all was for Dame Oliphant,
A woman of great beauty.

He hadna been in fair England
A month but barely ane,
Ere he dream'd that fair Dame Oliphant
Gied him a gay gowd ring.

He hadna been in fair England
A month but barely four,
Ere he dream'd that fair Dame Oliphant
Gied him a red rose flower,
Well set about wi' white lilies, •
Like to the paramour.

It fell ance upon a day,
Dame Oliphant thought lang ;

And she gaed on to gude greenwood,
As fast as she could gang.

As Willie stood in his chamber door,
And as he thought it good ;
There he beheld Dame Oliphant,
As she came thro' the wood.

He's taen his bow his arm ower,
His sword into his hand ;
And he is on to gude greenwood,
As fast as he could gang.

And there he found Dame Oliphant
Was lying sound asleep ;
And aye the sounder she did sleep,
The nearer he did creep.

But when she waken'd frae her sleep,
An angry maid was she ;
Crying, Had awa' frae me, young man,
Had far awa' frae me,
For I fear ye are the Scottish knight
That beguiles young ladies free.

I am not the Scottish knight,
Nor ever thinks to be ;
I am but Willie o' Douglas-dale,
That serves for meat and fee.

If ye be Willie o' Douglas-dale,
 Ye're dearly welcome to me ;
 For aft in my sleep hae I thought on
 You and your merry winking e'e.

But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,
 And the lions took the hill ;
 And Willie he gaed hame again,
 To his hard task and tile :
 And likewise did Dame Oliphant,
 To her book and her seam.

Till it fell ance upon a day,
 Dame Oliphant thought lang ;
 And she went on to Willie's bower yetts
 As fast as she could gang.

O, are ye asleep now, squire Willie ?
 O, are ye asleep, said she ?
 O waken, waken, squire Willie,
 O waken and speak to me

The gowns that were ower wide, Willie,
 They winna meet on me ;
 And the coats that were ower side, Willie,
 They winna come to my knee ;
 And if the knights of my father's court get word,
 I'm sure they'll gar you die.

Dame Oliphant, Dame Oliphant,
 A king's daughter are ye ;

But wou'd ye leave your father and mother,
And gang awa' wi' me ?

O, I wou'd leave my father and mother,
And the nearest that e'er betide ;
And I wou'd nae be fear'd to gang,
Gin ye war by my side.

But she's taen a web o' the scarlet,
And tare it fine and sma' ;
And even into Willie's arms
She leapt the castle wa' ;
And Willie was wight and well able,
And he keepit her frae a fa'.

But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,
And the lions took the hill ;
And Willie's lady followed him,
And the tears did trinkle still.

O want ye ribbons to your hair ?
Or roses to your sheen ?
Or want ye chains about your neck,
Ye'se get mair ere that be deen ?

I want not ribbons to my feet,
Nor roses to my sheen ;
And there are mair chains about my neck
Then ever I'll see deen :

But I hae as much dear bought love
As my heart can conteen.

Will ye gae to the cards or dice ?
Or to the table play ?
Or to a bed sae well down spread,
And sleep till it be day ?

I've mair need o' the roddins, Willie,
That grow on yonder thorn ;
Likewise a drink o' Marywell-water,
Out o' your grass-green horn.

I've mair need o' a fire, Willie,
To had me frae the cauld ;
Likewise a glass o' your red wine,
Ere I bring my son to the fauld.

He's got a bush o' roddins till her,
That grow on yonder thorn ;
Likewise a drink o' Marywell-water,
Out o' his grass-green horn.

He carried the match in his pocket,
That kindled to her the fire ;
Well set about wi' oaken spails,
That leam'd ower Lincolnshire.

And he has bought to his lady,
The white bread and the wine ;

And the milk he milked frae the goats,
He fed his young son on.

• Till it fell ance upon a day,
Dame Oliphant thought lang;
O gin ye hae a being, Willie,
I pray you hae me hame.

He's taen his young son in his arms,
His lady by the hand;
And they are down thro' guid greenwood,
As fast as they could gang;

Till they came to a shepherd may,
Was feeding her flocks alone;
Said, Will ye gang alang wi' me,
And carry my bonny young son?

The gowns that were shapen for my back,
They shall be sewed for thine;
And likewise I'll gar squire Willie
Gie you a braw Scots' man.

When they came on to Willie's bower yetts,
And far beyond the sea;
She was hail'd the lady o' Douglas-dale,
And Willie an earl to be.
Likewise the maid they brought awa',
She got a braw Scots' man.

And lang and happy did they live,
 But now their days are deen ;
 And in the kirk o' sweet Saint Bride
 Their graves are growing green.

The Gardener Lad.

All ye young men, I pray draw near,
 I'll let you hear my mind ;
 Concerning those who fickle are,
 And inconstant as the wind.

A pretty maid who late liv'd here,
 And sweethearts many had ;
 The gardener lad he view'd them all,
 Just as they came and gaed.

The gardener lad he view'd them all,
 But swore he had no skill ;
 If I were to go as oft to her,
 Ye surely would me kill.

I'm sure she's not a proper maid,
 I'm sure she is not tall ;
 Another young man standing by,
 He said, slight none at all.

For we're all come of woman, he said,
 If ye wou'd call to mind ;
 And to all women for her sake,
 Ye surely should be kind.

The summer hours, and warm showers,
 Make the trees yield in the ground ;
 And kindly words will woman win,
 And this maid I'll surround.

The maid then stood in her bower door,
 As straight as ony wand ;
 When by it came the gardener lad,
 With his hat in his hand.

Will ye live on fruit, he said ?
 Or will ye marry me ?
 And amongst the flowers in my garden,
 I'll shape a weed for thee.

I will live on fruit, she says,
 But I'll never marry thee ;
 For I can live without mankind,
 And without mankind I'll die.

Ye shall not live without mankind,
 If ye'll accept of me ;
 For among the flowers in my garden,
 I'll shape a weed for thee.

The lily white to be your smock,
 Becomes your body best ;
 And the jelly-flower to be your quill,
 And the red rose in your breast.

Your gown shall be o' the pingo white,
 Your petticoat cammovine ;
 Your apron o' the seel o' downs,—
 Come smile, sweet heart o' mine.

Your shoes shall be o' the gude rue red,
 Never did I garden ill ;
 Your stockings o' the mary mild,—
 Come smile, sweet heart, your fill.

Your gloves shall be o' the green clover,
 Comes lockerin' to your hand ;
 Well dropped o'er wi' blue blavers,
 That grow among white land.

Young man, ye've shap'd a weed for me,
 In summer among your flowers ;
 Now I will shape another for you,
 Among the winter showers.

The snow so white shall be your shirt,
 It becomes your body best ;
 The cold bleak wind to be your coat,
 And the cold wind in your breast.

The steed that you shall ride upon,
 Shall be o' the weather snell ;
 Well bridled wi' the northern wind,
 And cold sharp showers o' hail.

The hat you on your head shall wear,
 Shall be o' the weather gray ;
 And aye when you come into my sight,
 I'll wish you were away.

Warenston and the Duke of York's Daughter.

My father was the Duke of York,
 My mother a lady free ;
 Mysell a dainty damsell,
 Queen Mary sent for me.

Yestreen I wash'd Queen Mary's feet,
 Kam'd down her yellow hair ;
 And lay a' night in the young man's bed,
 And I'll rue't for evermair.

The queen's kale was aye sae het,
 Her spice was aye sae fell ;
 Till they gart me gang to the young man's bed,
 But I'd a' the wyte mysell.

I was not in the queen's service
 A twelvemonth but barely ane ;
 Ere I grew as big wi' bairn
 As ae woman could gang.

But it fell ance upon a day,
 Was aye to be it lane,
 I did take strong travailing
 As ever yet was seen.

Ben it came the queen hersell,
 Was a' gowd to the hair ;
 O where's the bairn, Lady Maisry,
 That I heard greeting sair.

Ben it came the queen hersell,
 Was a' gowd to the chin ;
 O where's the bairn, Lady Maisry,
 That I heard late yestreen.

There is no bairn here, she says,
 Nor ever thinks to be ;
 'Twas but a stoun' o' sair sickness
 That ye heard seizing me.

They sought it out, they sought it in,
 They sought it but and ben ;
 But between the bolster and the bed,
 They got the baby slain.

Come busk ye, busk ye, Lady Maisry,
 Come busk, and gae wi' me ;
 For I will on to Edinburgh,
 And try the veritie.

She wou'd not put on the black, the black,
 Nor yet wou'd she the brown ;
 But the white silk and the red scarlet,
 That shin'd frae town to town.

As she gaed down thro' Edinburgh town,
 The burghers wives made meen,
 That sic a dainty damsell
 Shou'd ever hae died for sin.

Make never meen for me, she says,
 Make never meen for me ;
 Seek never grace frae a graceless face,
 For that ye'll never see.

As she gaed up the tolbooth stair,
 A light laugh did she gie ;
 But lang ere she came down again,
 She was condemn'd to die.

All you that are in merchants' ships,
 And cross the roaring faem ;
 Hae nae word to my father and mother,
 But that I'm coming hame.

Hold your hands, ye justice o' peace,
 Hold them a little while;
 For yonder comes my father and mother,
 That hae travelled mony a mile.

Gie me some o' your gowd, parents,
 Some o' your white monie;
 To save me frae the head o' yon hill,
 Yon greenwood gallows tree.

Ye'll get nane o' our gowd, daughter,
 Nor nane o' our white monie;
 For we hae travell'd mony a mile,
 This day to see you die.

Hold your hands, ye justice o' peace,
 Hold them a little while;
 For yonder comes him, Warenston,
 The father of my chile.

Give me some o' your gowd, Warenston,
 Some o' your white monie;
 To save me frae the head o' yon hill,
 Yon greenwood gallows tree.

I bade you nurse my bairn well,
 And nurse it carefullie;
 And gowd shou'd been your hire, Maisry,
 And my body your fee.

He's taen out a purse o' gowd,
 Another o' white monie ;
 And he's tauld down ten thousand crowns,—
 Says, True love gang wi' me.

The Laird o' Drum.

The laird o' Drum is a hunting gane,
 All in a morning early ;
 And he did spy a well-far'd may
 Was shearing at her barley.

O will ye fancy me, fair may,
 And let your shearing be, O ;
 And gang and be the lady o' Drum,
 O will ye fancy me, O ?

I winna fancy you, she says,
 Nor let my shearing be, O ;
 For I'm ower low to be lady Drum,
 And your miss I'd scorn to be, O.

But ye'll cast aff that gown o' grey,
 Put on the silk and scarlet ;
 I'll make a vow and keep it true,
 You'll neither be miss nor harlot.

Then dee you to my father dear,
 Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O ;
 To ony thing he bids me do,
 I'm always at his will, O.

He has gane to her father dear,
 Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O ;
 I'm come to marry your ae daughter,
 If ye'll gie me your gude will, O.

She'll shake your barn and winna your corn,
 And gang to mill and kill, O ;
 In time of need she'll saddle your steed,
 And I'll draw your boots mysell, O.

O wha will bake my bridal bread?
 And wha will brew my ale, O ?
 And wha will welcome my lady hame,
 It's mair than I can tell, O ?

Four an' twenty gentle knights,
 Gied in at the yetts o' Drum, O ;
 But nae a man lifted his hat,
 Whan the lady o' Drum came in, O.

But he has taen her by the hand,
 And led her but and ben, O ;
 Says, Your welcome hame, my lady Drum,
 For this is your ain land, O.

For he has taen her by the hand,
 And led her thro' the ha', O ;
 Says, Your welcome hame, my lady Drum,
 To your bowers ane and a' O.

Then he stript her o' the robes o' grey,
 Drest her in the robes o' gold ;
 And taen her father frae the sheep keeping,
 Made him a bailie bold.

She wasna forty weeks his wife,
 Till she brought hame a son, O ;
 She was as well a loved lady,
 As ever was in Drum, O.

Out it speaks his brother deâr,
 Says, You've dune us great wrang, O ;
 You've married a wife below your degree,
 She's a mock to all our kin, O.

Out then spake the laird o' Drum,
 Says, I've dune you nae wrang, O ;
 I've married a wife to win my bread,
 You've married ane to spend, O.

For the last time that I was married,
 She was far abeen my degree,* O ;

* This lady, to whom he was married in 1642, was Mary Gordon, daughter to the Marquis of Huntly.

She wadna gang to the bonny yetts o' Drum,
 But the pearlin abeen her e'e, O ;
 And I durstna gang in the room where she was,
 But my hat below my knee, O.

When they had eaten and well drunken,
 And all men bound for bed, O ;
 The laird o' Drum and his lady gay,
 In ae bed they were laid, O.

Gin ye had been o' high renown,
 As ye are o' low degree, O ;
 We might hae baith gane down the streets,
 Amang gude companie, O.

I tauld you ere we were wed,
 You were far abeen my degree, O ;
 But now I'm married, in your bed laid,
 And just as gude as ye, O.

I tauld you ere we were wed,
 You were far abeen my degree, O ;
 But now I'm married, in your bed laid,
 And just as gude as ye, O.

Gin ye were dead, and I were dead,
 And baith in grave had lain, O ;
 Ere seven years were at an end,
 They'd not ken your dust frae mine, O.

Love Gregory.

It fell on a Wodensday,
Love Gregory's taen the sea ;
And he has left his lady Janet,
And a weary woman was she.

But she hadna been in child-bed
A day but barely three,
Till word has come to lady Janet,
Love Gregory she wad never see.

She's taen her mantle her middle about,
Her cane into her hand ;
And she's awa' to the salt-sea side,
As fast as she cou'd gang.

Whare will I get a curious carpenter,
Will make a boat to me ?
I'm gaun to seek him, love Gregory,
In's lands where'er he be.

Here am I, a curious carpenter,
Will make a boat for thee ;
And ye may seek him, love Gregory,
But him ye'll never see.

She sailed up, she sailed down,
 Thro' mony a pretty stream ;
 Till she came to that stately castle,
 Where love Gregory lay in.

O open, open, love Gregory,
 O open, and lat me in ;
 Your young son is in my arms,
 And shivering cheek and chin.

Had awa', ye ill woman,
 Had far awa' frae me ;
 Ye're but some witch, or some warlock,
 Or the mermaid troubling me.

My lady she's in Lochranline,
 Down by Lochlearn's green ;
 This day she wadna sail the sea,
 For gowd nor warld's gain.

But if ye be my lady Janet,
 As I trust not well ye be ;
 Come tell me o'er some love token,
 That past between thee and me.

Mind on, mind on, now love Gregory,
 Since we sat at the wine ;
 The rings that were on your fingers,
 I gied you mine for thine.

And mine was o' the gude red gowd,
 Yours o' the silly tin ;
 And mine's been true, and very true,
 But yours had a fause lynin.

But open, open, love Gregory,
 Open, and let me in ;
 Your young son is in my arms,
 And he'll be dead or I win in.

Had awa', ye ill woman,
 Had far awa' frae me ;
 Ye're but some witch, or vile warlock,
 Or the mermaid troubling me.

But if ye be my lady Janet,
 As I trust not well ye be ;
 Come tell me o'er some love token,
 That past 'tween thee and me.

Mind on, mind on, love Gregory,
 Sin' we sat at the wine ;
 The shifts that were upon your back,
 I gae thee mine for thine.

And mine was o' the gude Holland,
 And yours o' the silly twine ;
 And mine's been true, and very true,
 But yours had fause lynin.

* * * * *

The Water o' Wearie's Well.

There came a bird out o' a bush,
 On water for to dine ;
 And sighing sair, says the king's daughter,
 O waes this heart o' mine !

He's taen a harp into his hand,
 He's harped them all asleep ;
 Except it was the king's daughter,
 Who ae wink cou'dna get.

He's luppen on his berry-brown steed,
 Taen her on behind himsell ;
 Then baith rade down to that water,
 That they ca' Wearie's well.

Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,
 Nae harm shall thee befall ;
 Aft times hae I water'd my steed,
 Wi' the water o' Wearie's well.

The first step that she stepped in,
 She stepped to the knee ;
 And sighing sair, says this lady fair,
 This water's nae for me.

Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,
 Nae harm shall thee befall ;
 Aft times hae I water'd my steed,
 Wi' the water o' Wearie's well.

The next step that she stepped in,
 She stepped to the middle ;
 And sighing, says, this lady fair,
 I've wat my gowden girdle.

Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,
 Nae harm shall thee befall ;
 Aft times hae I water'd my steed,
 Wi' the water o' Wearie's well.

The niest step that she stepped in,
 She stepped to the chin ;
 And sighing, says, this lady fair,
 They shou'd gar twa loves twine.

Seven king's daughters I've drown'd there,
 In the water o' Wearie's well ;
 And I'll make you the eight o' them,
 And ring the common bell.

Sin' I am standing here, she says,
 This dowie death to die ;
 Ae kiss o' your comely mouth
 I'm sure wou'd comfort me.

He louted him ower his saddle bow,
 To kiss her cheek and chin ;
 She's taen him in her arms twa,
 And thrown him headlang in.

Sin' seven king's daughters ye've drown'd there,
 In the water o' Wearie's well ;
 I'll make you bridegroom to them a',
 An' ring the bell mysell.

And aye she warsled, and aye she swam,
 Till she swam to dry land ;
 Then thanked God most cheerfully,
 The dangers she'd ower came.

The Braes o' Parrow.

Ten lords sat drinking at the wine,
 Intill a morning early ;
 There fell a combat them among,
 It must be fought,—nae parly.

O stay at hame, my ain gude lord,
 O stay, my ain dear marrow.
 Sweetest min', I will be thine,
 And dine wi' you to morrow.

She's kiss'd his lips, and comb'd his hair,
 As she had done before, O ;
 Gied him a brand down by his side,
 And he is on to Yarrow.

As he gaed ower yon dowie knowe,
 As aft he'd dune before, O ;
 Nine armed men lay in a den,
 Upo' the braes o' Yarrow.

O came ye here to hunt or hawk,
 As ye hae dune before, O ?
 Or came ye here to wiel' your brand,
 Upo' the braes o' Yarrow.

I came na here to hunt nor hawk,
 As I hae dune before, O ;
 But I came here to wiel' my brand,
 Upon the braes o' Yarrow.

Four he hurt, and five he slew,
 Till down it fell himsell, O ;
 There stood a fause lord him behin',
 Who thrust him thro' body and mell, O.

Gae hame, gae hame, my brother John,
 And tell your sister sorrow ;
 Your mother to come take up her son,
 Aff o' the braes o' Yarrow.

As he gaed ower yon high, high hill,
 As he had dune before, O ;
 There he met his sister dear,
 Came rinnin fast to Yarrow.

I dreamt a dream last night, she says,
 I wish it bimma sorrow ;
 I dreamt I was pu'ing the heather green,
 Upo' the braes o' Yarrow.

I'll read your dream, sister, he says,
 I'll read it into sorrow ;
 Ye're bidden gae take up your love,
 He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.

She's torn the ribbons frae her head,
 They were baith thick and narrow ;
 She's kilted up her green claithing,
 And she's awa' to Yarrow.

She's taen him in her arms twa,
 And gien him kisses thorough,
 And wi' her tears she bath'd his wounds,
 Upo' the braes o' Yarrow.

Her father looking ower his castle wa',
 Beheld his daughter's sorrow ;
 O had your tongue, daughter, he says,
 And let be a' your sorrow,

I'll wed you wi' a better lord,
 Than he that died on Yarrow.

O had your tongue, father, she says,
 And let be till to-morrow ;
 A better lord there cou'dna be
 Than he that died on Yarrow.

She kiss'd his lips, and comb'd his hair,
 As she had dune before, O ;
 Then wi' a crack her heart did brack,
 Upon the braes o' Yarrow.

Lady Diamond, the King's Daughter.

There was a king, and a curious king,
 And a king of royal fame ;
 He had ae daughter, he had never mair,
 Lady Diamond was her name.

She's fa'en into shame, and lost her good name,
 And wrought her parents' noy ;
 And a' for her laying her love so low,
 On her father's kitchen boy.

Ae night as she lay on her bed,
 Just thinking to get rest ;
 Up it came her old father,
 Just like a wandering ghaist.

Rise up, rise up, Lady Diamond, he says,
 Rise up, put on your gown ;
 Rise up, rise up, Lady Diamond, he says,
 For I fear ye go too roun'.

Too roun' I go, ye blame me no,
 Ye cause me not to shame ;
 For better love I that bonny boy,
 Than all your well-bred men.

The king's call'd up his wall-wight men,
 That he paid meat and fee ;
 Bring here to me that bonny boy,
 And well smore him right quietlie.

Up hae they taen that bonny boy,
 Put him between twa feather beds,
 Naething was dune, nor naething said,
 Till that bonny, bonny boy was dead.

The king's taen out a broad, broad sword,
 And streak'd it on a strae ;
 And thro' and thro' that bonny boy's heart,
 He's gart cauld iron gae.

Out has he taen his poor bluidy heart,
 Set it on a tasse of gold ;
 And set it before Lady Diamond's face,
 Said, Fair lady, behold !

Up has she ta'en this poor bluidy heart,
 And holden it in her hand ;
 Better loved I that bonny, bonny boy,
 Than all my father's land.

Up has she ta'en his poor bluidy heart,
 And laid it at her head ;
 The tears away frae her eyes did fly,
 And ere midnight she was dead !

The Betrayed Lady.

As I went by a jail-house door,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won,)
 I saw a prisoner standing there,
 I wish I were home in fair Scotland.

Fair maid, will ye pity me ?
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 Ye'll steal the keys, let me gang free,
 I'll make you my lady in fair Scotland.

I'm sure ye hae nae need o' me,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 For ye hae a wife and bairns three,
 That lives at home in fair Scotland.

He sware by him was crown'd wi' thorn,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won,)
 He never had a wife sin' the days he was born,
 But lived a free lord in fair Scotland.

She went into her father's bed-head,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 She's stown the key o' mony a lock,
 And let him out o' prison strong.

She went to her father's stable,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 She's stown a steed baith wight and able,
 To carry them on to fair Scotland.

They rade till they came to a muir,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 He bade her light aff, they'd call her a whore,
 If she didna return to Northumberland.

They rade till they came to a moss,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 He bade her light aff her father's best horse,
 And return her again to Northumberland.

I'm sure I hae nae need of thee,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 When I hae a wife and bairns three,
 That lives at home in fair Scotland.

I'll be cook in your kitchen,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 And serve your lady handsomlie,
 For I darna gang back to Northumberland.

Ye cannot be cook in my kitchen,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 My lady cannot fa' sic servants as thee,
 So ye'll return again to Northumberland.

When she went thro' her father's ha',
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 She looted her low amongst them a',
 She was the fair flower o' Northumberland.

Out spake her father, he spake bold,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 How could ye be a whore at fifteen years old,
 And you the flower o' Northumberland ?

Out spake her mother, she spake with a smile,
 (Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
 She's nae the first his coat did beguile,—
 Ye're welcome again to Northumberland.

The Haughs o' Darrow.

Down in yon garden sweet and gay,
Where bonny grows the lilie;
I heard a fair maid, sighing, say,—
My wish be wi' sweet Willie!

O Willie's gone whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping;
Draws mony a tear frae's true love's ee,
When other maids are sleeping.

Ye south, south winds, blaw to the north,
To the place where he's remaining;
Convey these kisses to his mouth,
And tell him how I'm faring.

O tell sweet Willie to come down,
And bid him nae be cruel;
And tell him not to break the heart
Of his love and only jewel.

O tell sweet Willie to come down,
And hear the mavis singing;
And see the birds on ilka bush,
And leaves around them hinging.

The laverock there wi' her white breast,
 And gentle throat sae narrow ;
 There's sport eneuch for gentlemen,
 On the Leader Haughs o' Yarrow.

O Leader Haughs are wide and broad,
 And Yarrow Haughs are bonny ;
 There Willie promised to marry me,
 If ever he married ony.

But if he plays the prodigal,
 I freely could forget him ;
 But if he chooses another bride,
 I ever mair will hate him.

But now sweet Willie he's come down,
 And eas'd her of her sorrow ;
 And he's made her his lawful bride,
 Upon the braes o' Yarrow.

Lord Thomas of Winesberry and the King's Daughter.

Seven years the king he staid
 Into the land of Spain ;
 And seven years true Thomas was
 His daughter's chamberlain.

But it fell ance upon a day
 The king he did come home;
 She beked and she benjed ben,
 And did him there welcome.

What aileth you, my daughter, Janet,
 You look sae pale and wan;
 There is a dreder in your heart,
 Or else ye love a man?

There is no dreder in my heart,
 Nor do I love a man;
 But it is for your lang byding
 Into the land of Spain.

Ye'll cast aff your bonny brown gown,
 And lay it on a stane;
 And I'll tell you, my jelly Janet,
 If ever ye loved a man.

She's cast aff her bonny brown gown,
 And laid it on a stane;
 Her belly was big, her twa sides high,
 Her colour it was quite gane.

O is it to a man o' might, Janet?
 Or is it till a man that's mean?
 Or is it to one of my poor soldiers,
 That I've brought hame frae Spain?

It's not till a man o' might, she says,
 Nor yet to a man that's mean ;
 But it is to Thomas o' Winesberry,
 That cannot langer len'.

O where are all my wall-wight men,
 That I pay meat and fee ;
 That will gae for him, true Thomas,
 And bring him here to me ?
 For the morn, ere I eat or drink,
 High hanged shall he be.

She's turn'd her right and round about,
 The tear blindet her e'e ;
 If ye do ony ill to true Thomas,
 Ye'se never get guid o' me.

When Thomas came before the king,
 He glanced like the fire ;
 His hair was like the threads o' gowd,
 His eyes like crystal clear.

It was nae wonder, my daughter, Janet,
 Altho' ye loved this man ;
 If he were a woman as he is a man,
 My bed-fellow he would been.

O will ye marry my daughter Janet,
 The truth's in your right hand ;

Ye'se hae some o' my gowd, and some o' my gear,
And the twalt part o' my land ?

It's I will marry your daughter Janet,
The truth's in my right hand ;
I'll hae nane o' your gowd, nor nane o' your gear,
I've enough in my own land.

But I will marry your daughter Janet,
With thirty ploughs and three ;
And four an' twenty bonny breast mills,
All on the water of Dee.

The Virginian Maid's Lament.

Hearken, and I'll tell
You a story that befell,
In the lands of Virginia, O ;
How that a pretty maid
For a slave she was betray'd,
And O but I'm weary, weary, O.

Seven lang years I serv'd
To Captain Welsh, a laird,
In the lands of Virginia, O ;

And he so cruelly
 Sold me to Madam Guy,
 And O but I'm weary, weary, O.

We are yoked in a plough,
 And wearied sair enough,
 In the lands of Virginia, O ;
 With the yoke upon our neck,
 Till our hearts are like to break,
 And O but I'm weary, weary, O.

When we're called home to meat,
 There's little there to eat ;
 In the lands of Virginia, O ;
 We're whipt at every meal,
 And our backs are never heal,
 And O but I'm weary, weary, O.

When our madam she does walk,
 We must all be at her back,
 In the lands of Virginia, O ;
 When our baby it does weep,
 We must lull it o'er asleep,
 And O but I'm weary, weary, O.

At mid time of the day,
 When our master goes to play,
 In the lands of Virginia, O ;

Our factor stands near by,
 With his rod below his thigh,
 And O but I'm weary, weary, O.

But if I had the chance,
 Fair Scotland to advance,
 From the lands of Virginia, O;
 Never more should I
 Be a slave to Madam Guy,
 And O but I'm weary, weary, O,

The Minister's Daughter of New York.

The minister's daughter of New York,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O;
 Has faen in love wi' her father's clerk,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

She courted him six years and a day,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O;
 At length her belly it did her betray,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

She did her down to the greenwood gang,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 To spend awa' a while o' her time,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

She leant her back unto a thorn,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 And she's got her twa bonny boys born,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

She's taen the ribbons frae her hair,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 Bound their bodies fast and sair,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

She's put them aneath a marble stane,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 Thinking a maiden to gae hame,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

Looking o'er her castle wa',
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 She spied her bonny boys at the ba',
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

O bonny babies if ye were mine,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 I wou'd feed you with white bread and wine,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

I wou'd feed you with the ferra cow's milk,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 And dress you in the finest silk,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

O cruel mother, when we were thine,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 We saw nane o' your bread and wine,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

We saw nane o' your ferra cow's milk,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 Nor wear'd we o' your finest silk,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

O bonny babies, can ye tell me,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O,
 What sort of death for you I must die,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O ?

Yes, cruel mother, we'll tell to thee,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O,
 What sort of death for us you maun die,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

Seven years a fool in the woods,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 Seven years a fish in the floods,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O ;

Seven years to be a church bell,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 Seven years a porter in hell,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

Welcome, welcome, fool in the woods,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 Welcome, welcome, fish in the floods,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

Welcome, welcome, to be a church bell,
 Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O ;
 But, heavens keep me out of hell,
 Alone by the green burn sidie, O !

The Gordons and the Grants.

Away with you, away with you, James de Grant,
 And, Douglas, ye'll be slain ;
 For Balnadallach's at your yetts,
 Wi' mony brave Highland man.

Balnadallach has no feud at me,
 And I hae none at him ;
 Cast up my yetts baith braid and wide,
 Let Balnadallach come in.

James de Grant has made a vant,
 And leapt the castle wa';
 But if he comes this way again,
 He'll nae won sae well awa'.

Take him, take him, brave Gordons,
 O take him, fine fellows, a';
 If he wins but ae mile on the Highland hill,
 He'll defy you Gordons, a'.

The Cuckold Sailor.

Go from my window, my dow, my dow,
 Go from my window, my dear;
 The wind's blowing high, and the sailor's lying by,
 So ye cannot get harbouring here.

O go from my window, my dow, my dow,
 O go from my window, my dear;
 The wind's in the west, and the cockle's in his nest,
 So ye cannot get harbouring here.

Go from my window, my dow, my dow,
 Go from my window, my dear;
 The wind and the rain have brought my love back again;
 So ye cannot get harbouring here.

Go from my window, my dow, my dow,
 Go from my window, my dear ;
 The devil's in the man, that he cannot understand,
 That he cannot get harbouring here.

The Cruel Mother.

It fell ance upon a day, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 It fell ance upon a day, Stirling for aye ;
 It fell ance upon a day,
 The clerk and lady went to play,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

If my baby be a son, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 If my baby be a son, Stirling for aye ;
 If my baby be a son,
 I'll make him a lord o' high renown,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She's lean'd her back to the wa', Edinbro', Edinbro',
 She's lean'd her back to the wa', Stirling for aye ;
 She's lean'd her back to the wa',
 Pray'd that her pains might fa',
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She's lean'd her back to the thorn, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 She's lean'd her back to the thorn, Stirling for aye ;
 She's lean'd her back to the thorn,
 There has her baby born,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O bonny baby, if ye suck sair, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 O bonny baby, if ye suck sair, Stirling for aye ;
 O bonny baby, if ye suck sair,
 You'll never suck by my side mair,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She's riven the muslin frae her head, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 She's riven the muslin frae her head, Stirling for aye ;
 She's riven the muslin frae her head,
 Tied the baby hand and feet,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

Out she took her little penknife, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 Out she took her little penknife, Stirling for aye ;
 Out she took her little penknife,
 Twin'd the young thing o' its life,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She's howk'd a hole anent the meen, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 She's howk'd a hole anent the meen, Stirling for aye ;
 She's howk'd a hole anent the meen,
 There laid her sweet baby in,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She had her to her father's ha', Edinbro', Edinbro',
 She had her to her father's ha', Stirling for aye ;
 She had her to her father's ha',
 She was the meekest maid amang them a',
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

It fell ance upon a day, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 It fell ance upon a day, Stirling for aye ;
 It fell ance upon a day,
 She saw twa babies at their play,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O bonny babies, gin ye were mine, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 O bonny babies, gin ye were mine, Stirling for aye ;
 O bonny babies, gin ye were mine,
 I'd cleathe you in the silks sae fine,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O wild mother, when we were thine, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 O wild mother, when we were thine, Stirling for aye ;
 O wild mother, when we were thine,
 You cleath'd us not in silks sae fine,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

But now we're in the heavens high, Edinbro', Edinbro',
 But now we're in the heavens high, Stirling for aye ;
 But now we're in the heavens high,
 And you've the pains o' hell to try,
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

She threw hersell ower the castle-wa', Edinbro', Edinbro',
 She threw hersell ower the castle-wa', Stirling for aye ;
 She threw hersell ower the castle-wa',
 There I wat she got a fa',
 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

The Lady's Gown.

I'll gar my gudeman trow
 That I'll sell the ladle,
 Cause he winna buy to me
 A gude riding saddle,
 To ride to the kirk, and frae the kirk,
 And even thro' the town ;
 Then stan' about, ye fisher jades,
 And gie my gown rowm.

I had a bonny branit cow,
 That gae a cann o' milk ;
 And I hae saul' my branit cow,
 And bought a gown o' silk.
 There's three raw o' fringes up,
 And three raw down ;
 Then stan' a little you by,
 And gie my gown rowm.

Syne I'll gar my gudeman trow
 That I hae taen the flings,
 Because he winna buy to me
 Sax gowd rings ;
 Ane on ilka finger,
 And twa upo' my thum ;
 Then stan' a little you by,
 And gie my gown rowm.

Wallace and his Leman.

Wallace wight, upon a night,
 Came riding o'er the linn ;
 And he is to his leman's bower,
 And tirl'd at the pin.

O sleep ye, wake ye, lady, he said,
 Ye'll rise, lat me come in ?
 O wha's this at my bower door,
 That knocks, and knows my name ?
 My name is William Wallace,
 Ye may my errand ken.

The truth to you I will rehearse,
 The secret I'll unfold ;
 Into your en'mies hands this night
 I fairly hae you sold.

If that be true ye tell to me,
 Do ye repent it sair ?
 O that I do, she said, dear Wallace,
 And will do evermair !

The English did surround my house,
 And forced me theretill ;
 But for your sake, my dear Wallace,
 I cou'd burn on a hill.

Then he gae her a loving kiss,
 The tear dropp'd frae his e'e ;
 Says, Fare ye well for evermair,
 Your face nae mair I'll see.

She dress'd him in her ain claithing,
 And frae her house he came ;
 Which made the Englishmen admire
 To see this stalwart dame.

He is to Saint Johnston gane,
 And there he play'd him well ;
 For there he saw a well-far'd May
 Was washing at a well.

What news, what news, ye well-far'd May ?
 What news hae ye to me ?
 What news, what news, ye well-far'd May,
 All from your north countrie ?

See ye not yon tavern house,
 That stands on yonder plain ;
 This very day have landet in it
 Full fifteen Englishmen ;

In search of Wallace, our dear champion,
 Ordaining that he shou'd dee ;
 Then on my troth, said Wallace wight,
 These Englishmen I'se see.

Chil Ether.

Chil Ether and Lady Maisry
 Were baith born at ae birth ;
 They lov'd each other tenderlie,
 Boon every thing on earth.

The ley likes na the summer shower,
 Nor girse the mornin' dew,
 Better, dear Lady Maisry,
 Than Chil Ether loves you.

The bonny doo likes na its mate,
 Nor babe, at breast, its mither,
 Better, my dearest Chil Ether,
 Than Maisry loves her brither.

But he needs gae to gain renown,
 Into some far countrie ;—
 And Chil Ether has gaen abroad,
 To fight in Paynimie.

And he has been in Paynimie
 A twalmonth and a day ;
 But never nae tidings did there come,
 Of his welfare to say.

Then she's ta'en ship, awa' to sail,
 Out ower the roaring faem ;
 A' for to find him, Chil Ether,
 And for to bring him hame.

She hadna sail'd the sea a month,
 A month but barely three ;
 Until she landit on Ciper's shore,
 By the meen-licht sae lie.

Lady Maisry did on her green mantle,
 Took her purse in her hand ;
 And call'd to her, her mariners,
 Syne walk'd up thro' the land.

She walked up, sae did she down,
 Till she came till castell high ;
 There she sat down, on the door stane,
 And weepit bitterlie.

Then out it spake a sweet, sweet voice,
 Out ower the castell wa' ;—
 Now isna that Lady Maisry
 That makes sic a dolefu' fa' ?

But gin that be Lady Maisry,
 Lat her make mirth and glee ;
 For I'm her brother, Chil Ether,
 That loves her tenderlie.

But gin that be Lady Maisry,
 Lat her take purse in hand ;
 And gang to yonder castell wa',
 They call it Gorinand :

Spier for the lord o' that castell,
 Gie'm dollars thirty-three ;
 Tell him to ransom Chil Ether,
 That loves you tenderlie.

She's done her up to that castell,
 Paid down her gude monie ;
 And sae she's ransom'd Chil Ether,
 And brought him hame her wi'.

May-a-Roe.

When spring appear'd in all its bloom,
And flowers grew fresh and green ;
As May-a-Roe she set her down,
'To lay gowd on her seam.

But word has come to that lady,
At evening when 'twas dark,
To meet her love in gude greenwood,
And bring to him a sark.

That's strange to me, said May-a-Roe,
For how can a' this be ?
A month or twa is scarcely past,
Sin' I sent my lovie three.

Then May-a-Roe lap on her steed,
And quickly rade away ;
She hadna ridden but hauf a mile,
Till she heard a voice to say,—

Turn back, turn back, ye vent'rous maid,
Nae farther must ye go ;
For the boy that leads your bridle rein,
Leads you to your overthrow.

But a' these words she ne'er did mind,
 But fast awa' did ride ;
 And up it starts him, Hynde Henry,
 Just fair by her right side.

Ye'll tarry here, perfidious maid,
 For by my hand ye'se dee ;
 Ye married my brother, Brown Robin,
 Whan ye shou'd hae married me.

O mercy, merey, Hynde Henry,
 O mercy have on me ;
 For I am eight months gane wi' child,
 Therefore ye'll lat me be.

Nae mercy is for thee, fair maid,
 Nae mercy is for thee ;
 You married my brother, Brown Robin,
 Whan ye shou'd hae married me.

Ye will bring here the bread, Henry,
 And I will bring the wine ;
 And ye will drink to your ain love,
 And I will drink to mine.

I winna bring here the bread, fair maid,
 Nor yet shall ye the wine ;
 Nor will I drink to my ain love,
 Nor yet shall ye to thine.

O mercy, mercy, Hynde Henry,
 Until I lighter be ;
 Hae mercy on your brother's bairn,
 Tho' ye hae nane for me.

Nae mercy is for thee, fair maid,
 Nae mercy is for thee ;
 Such mercy unto you I'll gie
 As what ye gae to me.

Then he's taen out a trusty brand,
 And stroak'd it ower a strae ;
 And thro' and thro' her fair body,
 He's gart cauld iron gae.

Nae meen was made for that lady,
 For she was lying dead ;
 But a' was for her bonny bairn,
 Lay spartling by her side.

Then he's taen up the bonny bairn,
 Handled him tenderlie,
 And said, Ye are o' my ain kin,
 Tho' your mother ill used me.

He's washen him at the crystal stream,
 And row'd him in a weed ;
 And nam'd him after a bold robber,
 Who was call'd Robin Hood.

Then brought to the next borough's town,
 And gae him nurses three ;
 He grew as big in ae year auld
 As some boys wou'd in three.

Then he was sent to guid squeel-house,
 To learn how to thrive ;
 He learn'd as muckle in ae year's time
 As some boys would in five.

But I wonder, I wonder, said little Robin,
 Gin e'er a woman bare me ;
 For mony a lady spiers for the rest,
 But nae ane spiers for me.

I wonder, I wonder, said little Robin,
 Were I of woman born ;
 Whan ladies my comrades do caress,
 They look at me wi' scorn.

It fell upon an evening tide,
 Was ae night by it lane,
 Whan a' the boys frae guid squeel-house
 Were merrily coming hame ;

Robin parted frae the rest,
 He wish'd to be alane ;
 And when his com'rades he dismiss,
 To guid greenwood he's gane.

When he came to guid greenwood,
 He clamb frae tree to tree,
 To pou some o' the finest leaves
 For to divert him wi'.

He hadna pu'd a leaf, a leaf,
 Nor brake a branch but ane,
 Till by it came him, Hynde Henry,
 And bade him lat alane.

You are too bauld a boy, he said,
 Sae impudent you be ;
 As pu' the leaves that's nae your ain,
 Or yet to touch the tree.

O mercy, mercy, gentleman,
 O mercy hae on me ;
 For if that I offence hae done,
 It was unknown to me.

Nae boy comes here to guid greenwood
 But pays a fine to me ;
 Your velvet coat, or shooting bow,
 Which o' them will ye gie ?

My shooting bow arches sae well,
 Wi' it I canno' part ;
 Lest wer't to send a sharp arrow
 To pierce you to the heart.

He turn'd him right and round about,
 His countenance did change ;
 Ye seem to be a boy right bauld,
 Why can ye talk sae strange ?

I'm sure ye are the bauldest boy
 That ever I talk'd wi' ;
 As for your mother, May-a-Roe,
 She was ne'er sae bauld to me.

O, if ye knew my mother, he said,
 That's very strange to me ;
 And if that ye my mother knew,
 It's mair than I cou'd dee.

Sae well as I your mother knew,
 Ance my sweet heart was she ;
 Because to me she broke her vow,
 This maid was slain by me.

O, if ye slew my mother dear,
 As I trust ye make nae lie,
 I wyte ye never did the deed
 That better paid shall be.

O mercy, mercy, little Robin,
 O mercy hae on me.
 Sic mercy as ye gae my mother,
 Sic mercy I'll gie thee.

Prepare yourself, perfidious man,
 For by my hand ye'se dee ;
 Now come's that bluidy butcher's end,
 Took my mother frae me.

Then he has chosen a sharp arrow,
 That was baith keen and smart,
 And let it fly at Hynde Henry,
 And pierc'd him to the heart.

These news hae gaen thro' Stirling town,
 Likewise thro' Hunting-ha' ;
 At last it reach'd the king's own court,
 Among the nobles a'.

When the king got word o' that,
 A light laugh then gae he ;
 And he's sent for him, little Robin,
 To come right speedilie.

He's putten on little Robin's head
 A ribbon and gowden crown ;
 And made him ane o's finest knights,
 For the valour he had done.

Auld Matrons.

My love, she is a gentlewoman,
Has her living by the seam;
I kenna how she is provided,
This night for me, and my foot groom.

He is gane to Annie's bower door,
And gently tirded at the pin;
Ye sleep ye, wake ye, my love Annie,
Ye'll rise and lat your true love in.

Wi' her white fingers lang and sma',
She gently lifted up the pin;
Wi' her arms lang and bent,
She kindly caught sweet Willie in.

O will ye go to cards or dice,
Or will ye go to play?
Or will ye go to a well made bed,
And sleep a while till day?

I winna gang to cards nor dice,
Nor yet will I to play;
But I will gang to a well made bed,
And sleep a while till day.

My love Annie, my dear Annie,
 I would be at your desire ;
 But wae mat fa' the auld Matrons,
 As she sits by the kitchen fire.

Keep up your heart, Willie, she said,
 Keep up your heart, dinna fear ;
 It's seven years and some guid mair,
 Sin her foot did file the flear.

They hadna kiss'd nor love clapped,
 As lovers when they meet,
 Till up it raise the auld Matrons,
 Sae well's she spread her feet.

O wae mat fa' the auld Matrons,
 Sae clever's she took the gate ;
 And she's gaen ower yon lang, lang hill,
 Knock'd at the sheriff's yate.

Ye sleep, ye wake, my lord, she said,
 Are ye not your bower within ?
 There's a knight in bed wi' your daughter,
 I fear she's gotten wrang.

Ye'll do ye down thro' Kelso town,
 Waken my wall-wight men ;
 And gin ye hae your wark well dune
 I'll be there at command.

She's done her down thro' Kelso town,
 Waken'd his wall-wight men ;
 But gin she had her wark well done,
 He was there at command.

He had his horse wi' corn fodder'd,
 His men arm'd in mail ;
 He gae the Matrons half a merk,
 To show them ower the hill.

Willie sleep'd, but Annie waked,
 Till she heard their bridles ring ;
 Then tapped on her love's shoulder,
 And said, Ye've sleepit lang.

O save me, save me, my bless'd lady,
 Till I've on my shooting gear ;
 I dinna fear the king himsell,
 Tho' he an's men were here.

Then they shot in, and Willie out,
 The arrows graz'd his brow ;
 The maid she wept and tore her hair,
 Says, This can never do.

Then they shot in, and he shot out,
 The bow brunt Willie's hand ;
 But aye he kiss'd her ruby lips,
 Said, My dear, thinkna lang.

He set his horn to his mouth,
 And has blawn loud and shrill ;
 And he's call'd on his brother John,
 In Ringlewood he lay still.

The first an' shot that Lord John shot,
 He wound fifty and fifteen ;
 The next an' shot that Lord John shot,
 He ca'd out the sheriff's een.

O some o' you lend me an arm,
 Some o' you lend me twa ;
 And they that came for strife this day,
 Take horse, ride fast awa'.

But wae mat fa' you, auld Matrons,
 All ill death mat ye die ;
 And burn you on yon high hill head,
 Blaw your ashes in the sea.

The Rigwoodie Carlin.

O faer ye gaun, ye carlin, carlin ?
 Faer ye gaun, ye rigwoodie carlin ?
 Faer ye gaun for now and for aye ?
 Was there e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I ?

I'm gaun awa' hame, Will Boy, Will Boy,
 I'm gaun awa' hame, my heart and my joy ;
 I'm gaun awa' hame for now and for aye,
 Was there e'er a poor widow sae weary as I ?

O faer hae ye been, ye carlin, carlin ?
 O faer hae ye been, ye rigwoodie carlin ?
 O faer hae you been for now and for aye ?
 Was there e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I ?

I've been burying my man, Will Boy, Will Boy,
 I've been burying my man, my heart and my joy ;
 I've been burying my man for now and for aye,
 Was there e'er a poor widow sae weary as I ?

But faer ye gaun, Will Boy, Will Boy ?
 And faer ye gaun, my heart and my joy ?
 And faer ye gaun for now and for aye ?
 Was e'er a poor widow sae weary as I ?

I'm seeking service, ye carlin, carlin,
 I'm seeking service, ye rigwoodie carlin ;
 I'm seeking service for now and for aye,
 Was e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I ?

Will ye fee wi' me, Will Boy, Will Boy ?
 Will ye fee wi' me, my heart and my joy ?
 Will ye fee wi' me for now and for aye ?
 Was there e'er a poor widow sae weary as I ?

What fee will ye gie me, ye carlin, carlin ?

What fee will ye gie me, ye rigwoodie carlin ?

What fee will ye gie me for now and for aye ?

Was e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I ?

I'll gie ye twa placks, Will Boy, Will Boy,

I'll gie ye twa placks, my heart and my joy ;

I'll gie ye twa placks for now and for aye,

Was e'er a poor widow sae weary as I ?

It's but a herd's fee, ye carlin, carlin,

It's but a herd's fee, ye rigwoodie carlin ;

It's but a herd's fee for now and for aye,

Was e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I ?

I'll gie ye five merks, Will Boy, Will Boy,

I'll gie ye five merks, my heart and my joy ;

I'll gie ye five merks for now and for aye,

Was e'er a poor widow sae weary as I ?

What meat will ye gie me, ye carlin, carlin ?

What meat will ye gie me, ye rigwoodie carlin ?

What meat will ye gie me for now and for aye ?

Was e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I ?

I'll gie you milk and bread, Will Boy, Will Boy,

I'll gie you milk and bread, my heart and my joy ;

I'll gie you milk and bread for now and for aye,

Was e'er a poor widow sae weary as I ?

Milk and bread is bairns' meat, carlin, carlin,
 Milk and bread is bairns' meat, ye rigwoodie carlin;
 Milk and bread is bairns' meat for now and for aye,
 Was e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I?

I'll gie you bread and beef, Will Boy, Will Boy,
 I'll gie you bread and beef, my heart and my joy;
 I'll gie you bread and beef for now and for aye,
 Was e'er a poor widow sae weary as I?

Faer will ye lay me, ye carlin, carlin?
 Faer will ye lay me, ye rigwoodie carlin?
 Faer will ye lay me for now and for aye,
 Was e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I?

I'll lay you wi' my bairns, Will Boy, Will Boy,
 I'll lay you wi' my bairns, my heart and my joy;
 I'll lay you wi' my bairns for now and for aye,
 Was e'er a poor widow sae weary as I?

Fat an' they pish me, ye carlin, carlin,
 Fat an' they pish me, ye rigwoodie carlin?
 Fat an' they pish me for now and for aye?
 Was e'er a young laddie sae waddie as I?

I'll lay you wi' mysell, Will Boy, Will Boy,
 I'll lay you wi' mysell, my heart and my joy;
 I'll lay you wi' mysell for now and for aye,
 Was e'er a young widow sae happy as I?

We'll gree about that, ye carlin, carlin,
 We'll gree about that, ye rigwoodie carlin ;
 We'll gree about that for now and for aye,
 Was e'er a young laddie sae happy as I ?

The Scottish Squire.

When grass grew green on Lanark plains,
 And fruit and flowers did spring ;
 A Scottish squire in cheerfu' strains,
 Sae merrily thus did sing :—

O well fails me o' my parrot,
 That he can speak and flee ;
 For he will carry love letters
 Between my love and me.

And well fails me o' my parrot,
 He can baith speak and gang ;
 And he will carry love letters
 To the maid in south England.

O how shall I your love find out ?
 Or how shall I her know ?
 When my tongue with her never spake,
 Nor my eyes her ever saw.

O what is red of her is red,
 As blude drapp'd on the snaw;
 And what is white o' her is white
 As milk, or the sea maw.

Even before that lady's yetts,
 You'll find a bowing birk;
 And there ye'll sit and sing thereon,
 Till she gaes to the kirk.

Then even before that lady's yetts,
 You'll find a bowing ash;
 And ye may sit and sing thereon,
 Till she comes frae the mass.

And even before that lady's window,
 You'll find a bed o' tyme;
 And ye may sit and sing thereon,
 Till she sits down to dine.

Even abeen that lady's window,
 There's fix'd a siller pin;
 And a' these words that I tell you,
 Ye'll sit and sing therein.

Ye'll bid her send her love a letter,
 For he has sent her five;
 And he'll never send anither ane,
 To nae woman alive.

Ye'll bid her send her love a letter,
 For he has sent her seven ;
 And he'll never send anither send,
 To nae maid under heaven.

This little bird then took his flight
 Beyond the raging sea ;
 And lighted at that lady's yetts,
 On tower o' gowd sae hie.

Even before that lady's yetts,
 He found a bowing birk ;
 And there he sat and sang thereon,
 Till she went to the kirk.

Even before that lady's yetts,
 He found a bowing ash ;
 And then he sat and sang thereon,
 Till she came frae the mass.

Even before that lady's window,
 He found a bed o' tyme ;
 And then he sat and sang thereon,
 Till she sat down to dine.

Even abeen that lady's window,
 Was fix'd a siller pin ;
 And a' the words that were tauld him,
 He sat and sang them in.

You're bidden send your love a letter,
 For he has sent you five ;
 Or he'll never send anither send,
 To nae woman alive.

You're bidden send your love a letter,
 For he has sent you seven ;
 And he'll never send anither send,
 To nae maid under heaven.

Sit in the hall, good ladies all,
 And drink the wine sae red ;
 And I will to yon small window,
 And hear yon birdie's leed.

Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
 The sang ye sung just now ;
 I'll sing nae mair, ye lady fair,
 My errand is to you.

If ye be my true lovie's bird,
 Sae well's I will you ken ;
 You will gae in at my gown sleeve,
 Come out at my gown hem.

That I am come frae your true love,
 You soon shall see right plain ;
 And read these lines below my wing,
 That I hae brought frae him.

When she looked these lines upon,
 She read them, and she leuch ;
 O well fails me, my true love now,
 O' this I hae eneuch.

Here is the broach on my breast bane,
 The garlings frae my hair ;
 Likewise the heart that is within,
 What wou'd my love hae mair ?

The nearest kirk in fair Scotland,
 Ye'll bid him meet me there ;
 She has gane to her dear father,
 Wi' heart perplex'd and sair.

When she came to her auld father,
 Fell low down on her knee.
 An asking, asking, father dear,
 I pray you grant it me.

Ask what you will, my dear daughter,
 And I will grant it thee ;
 Unless to marry yon Scottish squire,
 That's what shall never be.

O that's the asking, father, she said,
 That I'll ne'er ask of thee ;
 But if I die in south England,
 In Scotland ye'll bury me.

The asking's nae sae great, daughter,
 But granted it shall be ;
 And tho' ye die in south England,
 In Scotland we'll bury thee.

She has gane to her step-mother,
 Fell low down on her knee ;
 An asking, asking, mother dear,
 I pray you grant it me.

Ask what ye please, my lily white dove,
 And granted it shall be.
 If I do die in south England,
 In Scotland bury me.

Had these words spoke been in again,
 I wou'd not granted thee ;
 You hae a love in fair Scotland,
 Sae fain's you wou'd be tee.

She scarce was to her chamber gane,
 Nor yet was well set down,
 Till on the sofa where she sat,
 Fell in a deadly swoon.

Her father and her seven brithers,
 They made for her a bier ;
 The one half o't was gude red gowd,
 The other siller clear.

Her seven sisters were employed
 In making her a sark ;
 The one half o't was cambric fine,
 The other needle wark.

Then out it speaks her auld step-dame,
 Sat on the sofa's end ;
 Ye'll drap the het lead on her cheek,
 Sae do you on her chin ;
 For women will use mony a wile,
 Their true loves for to win.

Then up it raise her eldest brither,
 Into her bower he's gane ;
 Then in it came her youngest brither,
 The het lead to drap on.

He drapt it by her cheek, her cheek,
 Sae did he by her chin ;
 Sae did he by her comely hause,
 He knew life was therein.

The bier was made wi' red gowd laid,
 Sae curious round about ;
 A private entrance there contriv'd,
 That her breath might win out.

The first an' kirk in fair Scotland,
 They gar'd the bells be rung ;

The niest an' kirk in fair Scotland,
They caus'd the mass be sung.

The third an' kirk in fair Scotland,
They pass'd it quietly by ;
The fourth an' kirk in fair Scotland,
Clerk Sandy did them spy.

O down ye'll set this corpse o' clay,
Lat me look on the dead ;
For I may sigh, and say, alas !
For death has nae remeid.

Then he has cut her winding sheet
A little below her chin ;
And wi' her sweet and ruby lips
She sweetly smil'd on him.

Gie me a sheave o' your white bread,
A bottle o' your wine ;
For I hae fasted for your sake
Fully these lang days nine.

Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,
Gae hame and blaw your trumpet ;
And ye may tell to your step-dame,
This day she is affronted.

I cam'na here to fair Scotland,
To lye amo' the dead ;

But came to be Clerk Sandy's wife,
And lay gow'd on my head.

Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn ;
And ye may tell in fair England
In Scotland ye got the scorn.

I came not here to fair Scotland,
To mix amang the clay ;
But came to be Clerk Sandy's wife,
And wear gowd to my tae.

Sin ye hae gien us this ae scorn,
We shall gie you anither ;
Ye shall hae naething to live upon,
But the bier that brought you hither.

John o' Hazelgreen.

As I went forth to take the air
Intill an evening clear,
And there I spied a lady fair
Making a heavy bier.
Making a heavy bier, I say,
But, and a piteous meen ;

And aye she sigh'd, and said, alas !
 For John o' Hazelgreen.

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The stars were shining clear ;
 When thro' the thickets o' the wood,
 A gentleman did appear.
 Says, who has done you the wrong, fair maid,
 And left you here alane ;
 Or who has kiss'd your lovely lips,
 That ye ca' Hazelgreen ?

Hold your tongue, kind sir, she said,
 And do not banter so ;
 How will ye add affliction
 Unto a lover's woe ?
 For none's done me the wrong, she said,
 Nor left me here alane ;
 Nor none has kiss'd my lovely lips,
 That I ca' Hazelgreen.

Why weep ye by the tide, lady ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 How blythe and happy might he be
 Gets you to be his bride ?
 Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,
 And him I'll no bemean ;
 But when I take my words again,
 Whom call ye Hazelgreen ?

What like a man was Hazelgreen ?
 Will ye show him to me ?
 He is a comely proper youth,
 I in my sleep did see.
 Wi' arms tall, and fingers small,
 He's comely to be seen ;
 And aye she loot the tears down fall
 For John o' Hazelgreen.

If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,
 And go along with me ;
 I'll wed you to my eldest son,
 Make you a lady free.
 It's for to wed your eldest son,
 I am a maid o'er mean ;
 I'll rather stay at home, she says,
 And die for Hazelgreen.

If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,
 And go along with me,
 I'll wed you to my second son,
 And your weight o' gowd I'll gie.
 It's for to wed your second son,
 I am a maid o'er mean ;
 I'll rather stay at home, she says,
 And die for Hazelgreen.

Then he's taen out a siller comb,
 Comb'd down her yellow hair ;

And looked in a diamond bright,
 To see if she were fair.
 My girl, ye do all maids surpass
 That ever I have seen ;
 Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass,
 And hate young Hazelgreen.

Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
 And ever mair shall be ;
 I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
 For a' the gowd ye'll gie.
 But aye she sigh'd, and said, alas !
 And made a piteous meen ;
 And aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For John o' Hazelgreen.

He looked high, and lighted low,
 Set her upon his horse ;
 And they rode on to Edinburgh,
 To Edinburgh's own cross.
 And when she in that city was,
 She look'd like ony queen ;
 'Tis a pity such a lovely lass
 Shou'd love young Hazelgreen.

Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,
 And ever mair shall be ;
 I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
 For a' the gowd ye'll gie.

And aye she sigh'd, and said, alas !
 And made a piteous meen ;
 And aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For John o' Hazelgreen.

Now hold your tongue, my well-far'd maid,
 Lat a' your mourning be,
 And a' endeavours I shall try,
 To bring that youth to thee ;
 If ye'll tell me where your love stays,
 His stile and proper name.
 He's laird o' Taperbank, she says,
 His stile, Young Hazelgreen.'

Then he has coft for that lady
 A fine silk riding gown ;
 Likewise he coft for that lady
 A steed, and set her on ;
 Wi' menji feathers in her hat,
 Silk stockings and siller sheen ;
 And they are on to Taperbank,
 Seeking young Hazelgreen.

They nimbly rode along the way,
 And gently spurr'd their horse,
 Till they rode on to Hazelgreen,
 To Hazelgreen's own close.
 Then forth he came, young Hazelgreen,
 To welcome his father free ;

You're welcome here, my father dear,
And a' your companie.

But when he look'd o'er his shoulder,
A light laugh then gae he;
Says, If I getna this lady,
It's for her I must die;
I must confess this is the maid
I ance saw in a dream,
A walking thro' a pleasant shade,
As fair's a cypress queen.

Now hold your tongue, young Hazelgreen,
Lat a' your folly be;
If ye be wae for that lady,
She's thrice as wae for thee.
She's thrice as wae for thee, my son,
As bitter doth complain;
Well is she worthy o' the rigs
That lie on Hazelgreen.

He's taen her in his arms twa,
Led her thro' bower and ha';
Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,
Ye're flower out o'er them a'.
This night shall be our wedding e'en,
The morn we'll say, Amen;
Ye'se never mair hae cause to mourn,—
Ye're lady o' Hazelgreen.

Willie's fatal Visit.

'Twas on an evening fair, I went to take the air,
I heard a maid making her moan ;
Said, Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my brother John ?
Or saw ye the lad that I love best,
And his name it is sweet William ?

I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
Nor saw I your brother John ;
But I saw the lad that ye love best,
And his name it is sweet William.

O was my love riding, or was he running,
Or was he walking alone ?
Or says he that he will be here this night ?
O dear but he tarries long !

Your love was not riding, nor yet was he running,
But fast was he walking alone ;
He says that he will be here this night to thee,
And forbids you to think long.

Then Willie he has gane to his love's door,
And gently tirl'd the pitt ;

O sleep ye, wake ye, my bonny Meggie,
Ye'll rise, lat your true love in.

The lassie being swack, ran to the door fu' snack,
And gently she lifted the pin ;
Then into her arms sae large and sae lang,
She embraced her bonny love in.

O will ye gang to the cards or the dice,
Or to a table o' wine ?
Or will ye gang to a well-made bed,
Well cover'd wi' blankets fine ?

O, I winna gang to the cards nor the dice,
Nor yet to a table o' wine ;
But I'll rather gang to a well-made bed,
Well cover'd wi' blankets fine.

My braw little cock sits on the house tap,
Ye'll craw not till it be day,
And your kame shall be o' the gude red gowd,
And your wings o' the siller grey !

The cock being fause, untrue he was,
And he crew an hour ower seen ;
They thought it was the gude day light,
But it was but the light o' the meen.

Ohon, alas ! says bonny Meggie then,
This night we hae sleeped ower lang ;

O what is the matter, then Willie replied,
The faster then I must gang.

Then sweet Willie raise, and put on his claise,
And drew till him stockings and sheen ;
And took by his side his berry brown sword,
And ower yon lang hill he's gane.

As he gaed ower yon high, high hill,
And down yon dowie den,
Great and grievous was the ghost he saw,
Would fear ten thousand men.

As he gaed in by Mary kirk,
And in by Mary stile,
Wan and weary was the ghost
Upon sweet Willie did smile.

Aft hae ye travell'd this road, Willie,
Aft hae ye travell'd in sin ;
Ye ne'er said sae muckle for your saul,
As, My Maker bring me hame !

Aft hae ye travell'd this road, Willie,
Your bonny love to see ;
But ye'll never travel this road again,
Till ye leave a token wi' me.

Then she has taen him sweet Willie,
Riven him frae gair to gair ;

And on ilka seat o' Mary's kirk,
 O' Willie she hang a share.
 Even abeen his love Meggie's dice,
 Hang's head and yellow hair.

His father made moan, his mother made moan,
 But Meggie made muckle mair.
 His father made moan, his mother made moan,
 But Meggie reave her yellow hair.

Hynd Hasting.

O busk ye, busk ye, burd Hamlet,
 O busk ye, and make ye brow ;
 This day I'm come for you, my love,
 And you to steal awa'.

O hold your tongue, now hynd Hasting,
 I darena gang wi' thee ;
 Except ye slay my father and mother,
 Likewise my brothers three.

I will gie them laudanum in their drink,
 Will gar them a' sleep sound ;
 And ye'll gang to them at nine at night,
 In bed where they lye bound.

She's gien them laudanum in their drink,
 That made them a' sleep sound ;
 Hynd Hasting came at nine at night,
 To bed where they lay bound.

He slew her father and her mother,
 And next her brothers twa ;
 And next he slew Sir Hugh M^eBeagh,
 The flower out ower them a'.

Then he is gane left them alane,
 All weltering in their bleede ;
 And he is aff wi' burd Hamlet,
 To gude greenwood wi' speed.

She hadna been in gude greenwood
 A twalmonth and a day,
 Till she wou'd gang to bonny Ha'broom,
 To sell baith cair* and kye.

If ye gang to the bonny Ha'broom,
 Ye'll come soon back to me ;
 If ye're lang absent frae my sight,
 I'll come and visit thee.

When she had stayed a month or twa,
 Then lang for her thought he ;
 And he would on to bonny Ha'broom,
 Burd Hamlet for to see.

* Cair,—Young calves.

Then he gaed on, and further on,
 Till he saw horse and harrows ;
 It is not fit for a banish'd man,
 To gang wanting bows and arrows.

Syne he gaed on and further on,
 Till he saw carts and ploughs ;
 It is not fit for a banish'd man
 To gang wanting spears and bows.

As he gaed up yon high, high hill,
 And down yon dowie den ;
 And there he saw his burd Hamlet,
 Amo' the unclean men.

Come to ye're bed, ye unclean men,
 For cauld, caul ye my claes ;
 Hynd Hasting wou'd embrac'd me twice
 Or ye pick your leally taes.

Come to ye're bed, ye unclean men,
 For cauld, caul ye my sheets ;
 Hynd Hasting wou'd embrac'd me twice
 Or ye pick your leally feet.

Hynd Hasting in a thicket hid,
 And him she didna see ;
 Up he raise, and aff he gaes,
 Nae words to her said he.

But he is back to gude greenwood,
 As fast as he cou'd gang;
 And he is on to gude greenwood,
 And join'd a robber band.

So they walk'd out upon a day,
 To see what they cou'd see;
 He saw burd Hamlet ragged and torn,
 Beneath a green oak tree.

He turn'd him to his robber band,
 And the tear blinded his e'e;
 'Twas for the sake o' this woman,
 I left my own countrie.

Some said they wou'd burd Hamlet head,
 Some said they wou'd her hang;
 For no, for no, said hynd Hasting,
 She was my true love lang.

Bondsey and Maisry.

O come along wi' me, brother,
 Now come along wi' me;
 And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
 Into the water o' Dee.

The eldest brother he stepped in,
 He stepped to the knee ;
 Then out he jump'd upo' the bank,
 Says, This water's nœ for me.

The second brother he stepped in,
 He stepped to the quit ;
 Then out he jump'd upo' the bank,
 Says, This water's wond'rous deep.

When the third brother stepped in,
 He stepped to the chin ;
 Out he got, and forward wade,
 For fear o' drowning him.

The youngest brother he stepp'd in,
 Took's sister by the hand ;
 Said, Here she is, my sister Maisry,
 Wi' the hanny draps on her chin.

O if I were in some bonny ship,
 And in some strange countrie,
 For to find out some conjurer,
 To gar Maisry speak to-me.

Then out it speaks an auld woman,
 As she was passing by ;
 Ask of your sister what you want,
 And she will speak to thee.

O sister, tell me who is the man,
 That did your body win ?
 And who is the wretch, tell me, likewise,
 That threw you in the lin ?

O Bondsey was the only man
 That did my body win ;
 And likewise Bondsey was the man
 That threw me in the lin.

O will we Bondsey head, sister ?
 Or will we Bondsey hang ?
 Or will we set him at our bow end,
 Lat arrows at him gang ?

Ye winna Bondsey head, brothers,
 Nor will ye Bondsey hang ;
 But ye'll take out his twa grey e'en,
 Make Bondsey blind to gang.

Ye'll put to the gate a chain o' gold,
 A rose garland gar make ;
 And ye'll put that in Bondsey's head,
 A' for your sister's sake.

Hynd Horn.

Hynd Horn fair, and hynd Horn free,
O where were you born ? in what countrie ?
In gude greenwood, there I was born,
And all my forbears me befor.

O seven years I served the king,
And as for wages, I never gat nane ;
But ae sight o' his ae daughter,
And that was thro' an augre bore.

My love gae me a siller wand,
'Twas to rule ower 'a' Scotland ;
And she gae me a gay gowd ring,
The virtue o't was above a' thing.

As lang's this ring it keeps the hue,
Ye'll know I am a lover true ;
But when the ring turns pale and wan,
Ye'll know I love another man.

He hoist up sails, and awa' sail'd he,
And sail'd into a far countrie ;
And when he look'd upon his ring,
He knew she loved another man.

He hoist up sails and home came he,
 Home unto his ain countrie ;
 The first he met on his own land,
 It chanc'd to be a beggar man.

What news, what news, my gude auld man ?
 What news, what news, hae ye to me ?
 Nae news, nae news, said the auld man,
 The morn's our queen's wedding day.

Will ye lend me your begging weed,
 And I'll lend you my riding steed ?
 My begging weed will ill suit thee,
 And your riding steed will ill suit me.

But part be right, and part be wrang,
 Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan ;
 Auld man, come tell to me your leed,
 What news ye gie when ye beg your bread ?

As ye walk up unto the hill,
 Your pike staff ye lend ye till ;
 But whan ye come near by the yett,
 Straight to them ye will upstep.

Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,
 Nane frae high or low o' them all ;
 And frae them all ye will take nane,
 Until it comes frae the bride's ain hand.

He took nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,
 Nane frae the high nor low o' them all ;
 And frae them all he would take nane,
 Until it came frae the bride's ain hand.

The bride came tripping down the stair,
 The combs o' red gowd in her hair ;
 A cup o' red wine in her hand,
 And that she gae to the beggar man.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
 And into the cup he dropt the ring ;
 O got ye't by sea, or got ye't by land,
 Or got ye't on a drown'd man's hand ?

I got it not by sea, nor got it by land,
 Nor got I it on a drown'd man's hand ;
 But I got it at my wooing gay,
 And I'll giet you on your wedding day.

I'll take the red gowd frae my head,
 And follow you, and beg my bread ;
 I'll take the red gowd frae my hair,
 And follow you for evermair.

Atween the kitchen and the ha',
 He loot his cloutie cloak down fa' ;
 And wi' red gowd shone ower them a',
 And frae the bridegroom the bride he sta'.

The Twa Knights.

There were twa knights in fair Scotland,
And they were brothers sworn ;
They made a vow to be as true
As if they'd been brothers born.

The one he was a wealthy knight,
Had lands and buildings free ;
The other was a young hynde squire,
In rank, of lower degree.

But it fell ance upon a day,
These squires they walk'd alone ;
And to each other they did talk,
About the fair women.

O wed a may, the knight did say,
For your credit and fame ;
Lay never your love on lemanry,
Bring nae gude woman to shame.

There's nae gude women, the squire did say,
Into this place but nine :
O well falls me, the knight replied,
For ane o' them is mine.

Ye say your lady's a gude woman,
 But I say, she is nane ;
 I think that I could gain her love,
 Ere six months they are gane.

If ye will gang six months away,
 And sail upon the faem ;
 Then I will gain your lady's love,
 Before that ye come hame.

O I'll gang till a far countrie,
 And far beyond the faem ;
 And ye winna gain my lady's love,
 Whan nine lang months are gane.

When the evening sun did set,
 And day came to an end ;
 In then came the lady's gude lord,
 Just in at yon town's end.

O comely are ye, my lady gay,
 Sae fair and rare to see ;
 I wish whan I am gane away,
 Ye keep your mind to me.

She gae'm a bason to wash in,
 It shin'd thro' a' the ha' ;
 But aye as she gaed but and ben,
 She loot the saut tears fa'.

I wonder what ails my gude lord,
 He has sic jealousy ;
 Never when we parted before,
 He spak sic words to me.

When cocks did craw, and day did daw,
 This knight was fair at sea ;
 Then in it came the young hynde squire,
 To work him villanie.

I hae a coffer o' gude red gowd,
 Another o' white monie ;
 I wou'd gie you't a', my gay lady,
 To lye this night wi' me.

If ye warn a my lord's brother,
 And him sae far frae hame,
 Even before my ain bower door
 I'd gar hang you on a pin.

He's gane frae the lady's bower,
 Wi' the saut tear in his e'e ;
 And he is to his foster mother,
 As fast as gang cou'd he.

There is a fancy in my head,
 That I'll reveal to thee ;
 And your assistance I will crave,
 If ye will grant it me.

I've fifty guineas in my pocket,
 I've fifty o' them and three;
 And if ye'll grant what I request,
 Ye'se hae them for your fee.

Speak on, speak on, ye gude hynde squire,
 What may your asking be?
 I kenna wha wou'd be sae base
 As nae serve for sic a fee.

O, I hae wager'd wi' my brother,
 When he went to the faem,
 That I wou'd gain his lady's love
 Ere six months they were gane.

To me he bid his lands at stake,
 Tho' he were on the faem,
 I wudna gain his lady's love
 Whan nine lang months were gane.

Now I hae tried to gain her love,
 But finds it winna do;
 And here I'm come, as ye her know,
 To seek some help frae you :

For I did lay my life at stake,
 Whan my brother went frae hame,
 That I wou'd gain his lady's love
 Whan he was on the faem.

But when the evening sun was set,
 And day came to an end,
 In it came that fause carline,
 Just in at yon town's end.

O comely are ye, my gay lady,
 Your lord is on the faem ;
 Yon unco squire will gain your love,
 Before that he come hame.

Forbid it, said the lady fair,
 That e'er the like shou'd be ;
 That I wou'd wrang my ain gude lord,
 And him sae far at sea.

O comely are ye, my gay lady,
 Stately is your fair bodie ;
 Your lovely visage is far chang'd,
 That is best known to me.

You're sair dune out for want-o' sleep,
 Sin' your lord went to sea ;
 Unless that ye do cease your grief,
 It will your ruin be.

You'll send your maids unto the hay,
 Your young men unto the corn ;
 I'll gar ye sleep as soon' a sleep,
 As the night that ye were born.

She sent her maids to ted the hay,
 Her men to shear the corn ;
 And she gar'd her sleep as soun' a sleep
 As the night that she was born.

She row'd that lady in the silk,
 Laid her on Holland sheets ;
 Wi' fine enchanting melodie,
 She lull'd her fast asleep.

She lock'd the yetts o' that castle,
 Wi' thirty locks and three ;
 Then went to meet the young hynde squire,
 To him the keys gae she.

He's open'd the locks o' that castle,
 Were thirty and were three ;
 And he's gane where that lady lay,
 And thus to her said he :—

O wake, O wake, ye gay lady,
 O wake and speak to me ;
 I hae it fully in my power
 To come to bed to thee.

For to defile my husband's bed,
 I wou'd think that a sin ;
 As soon as this lang day is gane,
 Then I shall come to thine.

Then she has call'd her niece Maisry,
 Says, An asking ye'll grant me ;
 For to gang to yon unco squire,
 And sleep this night for me.

The gude red gowd shall be your hire,
 And siller's be your fee ;
 Five hundred pounds o' pennies round,
 Your tocher it shall be.

She turn'd her right and round about,
 And thus to her did say,—
 O there was never a time on earth
 So fain's I wou'd say nay.

But when the evening sun was set,
 And day drawn to an end ;
 Then Lady Maisry she is gane,
 Fair out at yon town end.

Then she is to yon hynde squire's yates,
 And tirl'd at the pin ;
 Wha was sae busy as the hynde squire
 To lat that lady in.

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
 He was a joyfu' man ;
 He neither bade her meat nor drink,
 But to the bed he ran.

When he had got his wiff o' her,
 His wiff as he lang sought ;
 Her ring, but and her ring finger,
 Away frae her he brought.

With discontent, straight home she went,
 And thus lamented she ;
 Says, Wae be to yon young hynde squire,
 Sae ill as he's used me.

When the maids came frae the hay,
 The young men frae the corn ;
 Ben it camè that lady gay,
 Who thought lang for their return.

Where hae ye been, my maidens a',
 Sae far awa' frae me ;
 My foster mother and lord's brother,
 Thought to hae beguiled me ?

Had not she been my foster mother,
 I suck'd at her breast bane ;
 Even before my ain bower door,
 She in a glead shou'd burn.

The squire he thought to gain my love,
 He's got but Lady Maisry ;
 He's cutted her ring and her ring finger,
 A love token for to be.

I'll tie my finger in the dark,
 Where nae ane shall me see;
 I hope to loose it in the light,
 Amang gude compania.

When night was gane, and birds did sing,
 And day began to peep;
 The hynde squire walk'd along the shore,
 His brother far to meet,

Ye are welcome, welcome, landless lord,
 To my ha's and my bowers;
 Ye are welcome hame, ye landless lord,
 To my lady white like flowers.

Ye say, I am a landless lord,
 But I think I am nane;
 Without ye show some love token,
 Awa' frae her yetve tane.

He drew the strings then o' his purse,
 And they were a' bludie;
 The ring but and the ring finger,
 Sae soon as he lat him see.

O wae be to yqu, fause hynde squire,
 Ane ill death mat ye dee!
 It was too sair a love token
 To take frae my ladie.

But ae asking of you, hynde squire,
 In your won bowers to dine.
 With a' my heart, my brother dear,
 Tho' ye had asked nine.

Then he is to his lady's father,
 And a sorrow man was he ;
 O judge, O judge, my father dear,
 This judgment pass for me.

What is the thing that shou'd be done
 Unto that gay lady,
 Who wou'd gar her lord gae landless,
 And children bastards to be ?

She shou'd be brunt upon a hill,
 Or hang'd upon a tree,
 That wou'd gar her lord gang landless,
 And children bastarda be.

Your judgment is too rash, father,
 Your ain daughter is she,
 That this day has made me landless,
 Your squire gain'd it frae me.

Yet nevertheless, my parents dear,
 Ae favour ye'll grant me,
 And gang along to my lost ha's,
 And take your dine wi' me.

He threw the charters ower the table,
 And kiss'd the yates o' tree ;
 Says, Fare ye well, my lady gay,
 Your face I'll never see.

Then his lady call'd out to him,
 Come here, my lord, and dine ;
 There's nae a smith in a' the land,
 That can ae finger join.

I tied my finger in the dark,
 Whan nae ane did me see ;
 But now I'll loose it in the light,
 Amang gude companie.

Even my niece, Lady Maisry,
 The same woman was she ;
 The gude red gowd shall be her hire,
 And likeways white monie.

Five hundred pounds o' pennies round,
 Her tocher then shall be ;
 Because she did my wills obey,
 Beguil'd the squire for me.

Then they'did call this young hynde squire,
 To come right speedilie ;
 Likeways they call'd young Lady Maisry,
 To pay her down her fee.

Then they laid down to Lady Maisry,
 The brand but and the ring ;
 It was to stick him wi' the brand,
 Or wed him wi' the ring.

Thrice she minted to the brand,
 But she took up the ring ;
 And a' the ladies who heard o' it,
 Said, She was a wise woman.

Young Ronald,

It fell upon the Lammas time,
 When flowers were fresh and green,
 And craig and cleugh was cover'd ower
 With cloathing that was clean.

'Twas at that time, a noble aquire,
 Sprung from an ancient line,
 Laid his love on a lady fair,
 The king's daughter o' Linne.

When cocks did crow, and day did daw,
 And mint in meadows sprang,
 Young Ronald, and his little wee boy,
 They rode the way along.

So they rode on, and farther on,
 To yonder pleasant green ;
 And there he spied that lady fair,
 In her garden alane.

These two together lang they stood,
 And love's tale there they taul' ;
 The glancing o' her fair collar
 Did Ronald's one impale.

He lifted's hat, and thus he spake,
 O pity have on me !
 For I could pledge what is my right,
 All for the sake of thee.

Ye're young amo' your mirth, kind sir,
 And fair o' your dull hours ;
 There's nae a lady in a' London,
 But might be your paramour.

But I'm too young to wed, kind sir,
 You must not take it ill ;
 Whate'er my father bids me do,
 I maun be at his will.

He kiss'd her then, and took his leave,
 His heart was all in pride ;
 And he is on to Windsor gone,
 And his boy by his side.

And when he unto Windsor came,
 And lighted on the green,
 There he spied his mother dear
 Was walking there alane.

Where have ye been, my son, Ronald,
 From gude school-house, this day ?
 I hae been at Linne, mother,
 Seeing yon bonny may.

O waes me for you now, Ronald,
 For she will not you hae ;
 For mony a knight and bauld baron
 She's nick'd them a' wi' nae.

Young Ronald's done him to his bower,
 And he took bed and lay ;
 Nae woman could come in his sight,
 For the thoughts o' this well-far'd may.

Then in it came his father dear,
 Well belted and a brand ;
 The tears ran frae his twa gray eyes,
 All for his lovely son.

Then Ronald call'd his stable groom
 To come right speedilie ;
 Says, Ye'll gang to yon stable, boy,
 And saddle a steed for me.

His saddle o' the guid red gowd,
 His bits be o' the steel,
 His bridle o' a glittering hue,
 See that ye saddle him weel.

For I've heard greeters at your school-house,
 Near thirty in a day ;
 But for to hear an auld man greet,
 It passes bairns' play.

When cocks did craw, and day did daw,
 And mint in meadows sprang,
 Young Ronald and his little wee boy,
 The way they rode alang.

So they rode on, and further on,
 To yonder pleasant green ;
 And there they saw that lady fair,
 In her garden alane.

And twenty times before he ceas'd,
 He kiss'd her lips sae clear ;
 And said, dear lady, for your sake,
 I'll fight fell lang and sair.

Full haste, nae speed, for me, kind sir,
 Replied the lady clear ;
 Far better bucklings ye maun bide,
 Or ye gain my love by weir.

King Honour is my father's name,
 The morn to war maun fare ;
 And that's to fight a proud giant,
 That's wrought him muckle care.

Along wi' him he is to take
 Baith noble knights and squires ;
 I wou'd wish you as well-dress'd a knight
 As ony will be there.

And I'll gie you a thousand crowns,
 To part among your men ;
 A robe upon your ain body,
 Weel sew'd wi' my ain hand.

Likewise a ring, a royal thing,
 The virtue it is gude ;
 If ony o' your men be hurt,
 It soon will stem their blude.

Another ring, a royal thing,
 Whose virtue is well known ;
 As lang's this ring's your body's on,
 Your bluid shall ne'er be drawn.

He kiss'd her then, and took his leave,
 His heart was all in pride ;
 And he is on to Windsor gone,
 And his boy by his side.

And when he unto Windsor came,
 And lighted on the green ;
 There he saw his auld father,
 Was walking him alane.

Where hae ye been, my son, Ronald,
 From gude school-house the day ?
 O I hae been at Linne, father,
 Seeking yon bonny may.

O waes me for you now, Ronald,
 For she will not you hae ;
 Mony a knight and bauld baron,
 She's nick'd them a' wi' may.

O had your tongue, my father dear,
 Lat a' your folly be ;
 The last words that I wi' her spake,
 Her love was granted me.

King Honour is her father's name,
 The morn to war maun fare ;
 And that's to fight a proud giant,
 That's wrought him muckle care.

Alang wi' him I mean to take
 Baith knights and noble squires ;
 And she wishes me as well drest a knight
 As ony will be there.

And she's gaen me a thousand crowns
 To part amang my men ;
 A robe upon my ain body,
 Weel sew'd wi' her ain hand.

Likewise a ring, a royal thing,
 The virtue it is gude ;
 If ony o' my men be hurt,
 It soon will stem their blude.

Another ring, a royal thing,
 Which virtue is unknown ;
 As lang's this ring my body's on,
 My blude will ne'er be drawn.

If that be true, my son, Ronald,
 That ye hae tauld to me ;
 I'll gie to you an hundred men,
 To bear you companie.

Besides as muckle gude harness,
 As carry them on the lee ;
 It is a company gude enough
 For sic a squire as thee.

When cocks did craw, and day did daw,
 And mint in meadows spread,
 Young Ronald and his merry young men
 Were ready for to ride.

So they rode on, and farther on,
 To yonder pleasant green ;
 And there they spied that lady fair,
 In her garden sair mourning.

These twa together lang they stood,
 And love's tale there they taul',
 Till her father and his merry young men
 Had ridden seven mile.

He kiss'd her then, and took his leave,
 His heart was all in pride ;
 And then he sprang along the road,
 As sparks do frae the glead.

Then to his great steed he set spur,
 He being swift o' feet ;
 They soon arrived on the plain,
 Where all the rest did meet.

Then flew the foul thief * frae the west,
 His make was never seen ;
 He had three heads upon ae hause,
 Three heads on ae breast bane.

He bauldly stept up to the king,
 Seiz'd's steed in his right hand ;

* The Devil.

Says, Here I am, a valiant man,
Fight me now if ye can.

Where is the man in a' my train
Will take this deed in hand ;
And he shall hae my daughter dear,
And third part o' my land.

O here am I, said young Ronald,
Will take the deed in hand ;
And ye'll gie me your daughter dear,
I'll seek nane o' your land.

I wou'dna for my life, Ronald,
This day I left you here ;
Remember ye yon lady gay,
For you shed mony a tear.

Fan he did mind on that lady,
That he left him behind ;
He hadna mair fear to fight,
Nor a lion frae a chain.

Then he cut aff the giant's heads,
Wi' ae sweep o' his hand ;
Gaed hame and married that lady,
And heir'd her father's land.

Broomfield Hills.

There was a knight and lady bright,
Set trysts amo' the broom ;
The one to come at morning ear,
The other at afternoon.

I'll wager a wager wi' you, he said,
An hundred merks and ten,
That ye shall not go to Broomfield-hills,
Return a maiden again.

I'll wager a wager wi' you, she said,
A hundred pounds and ten,
That I will gang to Broomfield-hills,
A maiden return again.

The lady stands in her bower door,
And thus she made her mane :
O shall I gang to Broomfield-hills?
Or shall I stay at hame ?

If I do gang to Broomfield-hills,
A maid I'll not return ;
But if I stay from Broomfield-hills,
I'll be a maid mis-sworn.

Then out it speaks an auld witch wife,
 Sat in the bower aboon ;
 O ye shall gang to Broomfield-hills,
 Ye shall not stay at hame.

But when ye gang to Broomfield-hills,
 Walk nine times round and round ;
 Down below a bonny burn bank,
 Ye'll find your love sleeping sound.

Ye'll pu' the bloom frae aff the broom,
 Strew't at his head and feet ;
 And aye the thicker that ye do strew,
 The sounder he will sleep.

The broach that is on your napkin,
 Put it on his breast bane ;
 To let him know when he does wake,
 That's true love's come and gane.

The rings that are on your fingers,
 Lay them down on a stane ;
 To let him know when he does wake,
 That's true love's come and gane.

And when ye hae your work all done,
 Ye'll gang to a bush o' broom ;
 And then you'll hear what he will say,
 When he sees ye are gane.

When she came to Broomfield-hills,
 She walk'd it nine times round,
 And down below yon burn bank,
 She found him sleeping sound.

She pu'd the bloom frae aff the broom,
 Strew'd it at's head and feet ;
 And aye the thicker that she strew'd,
 The sounder he did sleep.

The broach that was on her napkin,
 She put on his breast bane ;
 To let him know when he did wake,
 His love was come and gane.

The rings that were on her fingers,
 She laid upon a stane ;
 To let him know when he did wake,
 His love was come and gane.

Now when she had her work all dune,
 She went to a bush o' broom ;
 That she might hear what he did say,
 When he saw she was gane.

O where were ye, my guid grey hound,
 That I paid for sae dear,
 Ye didna waken me frae my sleep,
 When my true love was sae near ?

I scraped wi' my foot, master,
 Till a' my collars rang ;
 But still the mair that I did scrape,
 Waken wou'd ye nane.

Where were ye, my berry-brown steed,
 That I paid for sae dear,
 That ye wou'dna waken me out o' my sleep,
 When my love was sae near ?

I patted wi' my foot, master,
 Till a' my bridles rang ;
 But still the mair that I did patt,
 Waken wou'd ye nane.

O where were ye, my gay goss hawk,
 That I paid for sae dear,
 That ye wou'dna waken me out o' my sleep,
 When ye saw my love near ?

I flapped wi' my wings, master,
 Till a' my bells they rang ;
 But still the mair that I did flap,
 Waken wou'd ye nane.

O where were ye, my merry young men,
 That I pay meat and fee,
 Ye wou'dna waken me out o' my sleep,
 When my love ye did see ?

Ye'll sleep mair on the night, master,
 And wake mair on the day ;
 Gae sooner down to Broomfield-hills,
 When ye've sic pranks to play.

If I had seen any armed men
 Come riding ower the hill ;
 But I saw but a fair lady
 Come quietly you until.

O wae mat worth you, my young men,
 That I pay meat and fee,
 That ye wou'dna waken me frae sleep,
 When ye my love did see.

O had I waked when she was nigh,
 And o' her got my will ;
 I shou'dna cared upon the morn,
 Tho' sma' birds o' her were fill.

When she went out right bitter wept,
 But singing came she hame ;
 Says, I hae been at Broomfield-hills,
 And maid return'd again.

The Fairy Knight.

The Elfin knight stands on yon hill,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
Blawing his horn loud and shrill,
And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

If I had yon horn in my kist,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
And the bonny laddie here that I luvè best,
And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

I hae a sister eleven years auld,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
And she to the young men's bed hae made bauld,
And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And I mysell am only nine,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
And oh ! sae fain, luvè, as I wou'd be thine,
And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

Ye maun make me a fine Holland sark,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
Without ony stitching, or needle wark,
And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And ye maun wash it in yonder well,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
 Where the dew never wat, nor the rain ever fell,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And ye maun dry it upon a thorn,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
 That never budded sin Adam was born,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

Now sin' ye've ask'd some things o' me,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
 It's right I ask as mony o' thee,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

My father he ask'd me an acre o' land,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
 Between the saut sea and the strand,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And ye maun plow't wi' your blawing horn,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
 And ye maun saw't wi' pepper corn,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And ye maun harrow't wi' a single tyne,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw !
 And ye maun shear't wi' a sheep's shank bane,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And ye maun big it in the sea,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
 And bring the stathle dry to me,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And ye maun barn't in yon mouse hole,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
 And ye maun thrash't in your shee sole;
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And ye maun sack it in your gluve,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
 And ye maun winno't in your leuve,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

And ye maun dry't without candle or coal,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
 And grind it without quirn or mill,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

Ye'll big a cart o' stane and lime,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
 Gar Robin Redbreast trail it syne,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

When ye've dune and finish'd your wark,
 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
 Ye'll come to me, luv, and get your sark,
 And the wind has blawin' my plaid awa'.

Brown Robyn and Mally.

There is a bird in my father's orchard,
And dear but it sings sweet ;
I hope to live to see the day,
This bird and I will meet.

O hold your tongue, my daughter Mally,
Let a' your folly be ;
What bird is that in my orchard,
Sae shortsome is to thee.

There are four-an-twenty noble lords
The morn shou'd dine wi' me ;
And ye maun serve them a', Mally,
Like one for meat and fee.

She serv'd the nobles all as one,
The horsemen much the same ;
But her mind was aye to brown Robyn,
Beneath the heavy rain.

Then she's row'd up a thousand pounds
Intil a servit white ;
And she gae that to brown Robyn,
Out ower the garden dyke.
Says,—Take ye that, my love Robyn,
And mysell gin ye like.

If this be true, my dame, he said,
 That ye hae tauld to me ;
 About the hour o' twall at night,
 At your bower door I'll be.

But ere the hour o' twall did chap,
 And lang ere it was ten ;
 She had hersell there right and ready,
 To lat brown Robyn in.

They hadna kiss'd nor love clapp'd,
 Till the birds sang on the ha' ;
 O sighing says him, brown Robyn,
 I wish I were awa'.

They hadna sitten muckle langer,
 Till the guards shot ower the way ;
 Then sighing says him, brown Robyn,
 I fear my life this day.

O had your tongue, my love Robyn,
 Of this take ye nae doubt ;
 It was by wiles I brought you in,
 By wiles I'll bring you out.

Then she's taen up a cup o' wine,
 To her father went she ;
 O drink the wine, father, she said,
 O drink the wine wi' me.

O well love I the cup, daughter,
 But better love I the wine ;
 And better love I your fair body
 Than a' the gowd in Spain.

Wae be to the wine, father,
 That last came ower the sea ;
 Without the air o' gude greenwood,
 There's nae remeid for me.

Ye've thirty maries in your bower,
 Ye've thirty and hae three ;
 Send ane o' them to pu' a flower,
 Stay ye at hame wi' me.

I've thirty maries in my bower,
 I've thirty o' them and nine ;
 But there's nae a marie amo' them a'
 That kens my grief and mind.

For they may pu' the nut, the nut,
 And sae may they the slae ;
 But there's nane amo' them a' that kens
 The herb that I wou'd hae.

Well, gin ye gang to gude greenwood,
 Come shortly back again ;
 Ye are sae fair, and are sae rare,
 Your body may get harm.

She dress'd hersell into the red,
 Brown Robyn all in green ;
 And put his brand across his middle,—
 He was a stately dame.

The first ane stepped ower the yett,
 It was him brown Robyn ;
 By my sooth, said the proud porter,
 This is a stately dame.

O wi' your leave, lady, he said,
 And leave o' a' your kin,
 I wou'dna think it a great sin'
 To turn that marie in.

O had your tongue, ye proud porter,
 Let a' your folly be ;
 Ye darena turn a marie in
 That ance came forth wi' me.

Well shall I call your maries out,
 And as well shall I in ;
 For I am safe to gie my oath,
 That marie is a man.

Soon she went to gude greenwood,
 And soon came back again ;
 Gude sooth, replied the proud porter,
 We've lost our stately dame.

My maids fa'en sick in gude greenwood,
 And sick and liken to die ;
 The morn before the cocks do crow,
 That marie I maun see.

Out it spake her father then,
 Says, Porter, let me know,
 If I will cause her stay at hame,
 Or shall I let her go ?

She says her maid's sick in the wood,
 And sick and like to die ;
 I really think she is too gude,
 Nor ever wou'd make a lie.

Then he whispered in her ear,
 As she was passing by ;
 What will ye say if I reveal
 What I saw wi' my eye ?

If ought ye ken about the same,
 O heal that well on me ;
 And if I live or brook my life,
 Rewarded ye shall be.

Then she got leave o' her father,
 To gude greenwood again ;
 And she is gane wi' brown Robyn,
 But 'twas lang ere she came hame.

O then her father began to mourn,
 And thus lamented he :—
 O, I wou'd gie ten thousand pounds
 My daughter for to see.

If ye will promise, the porter said,
 To do nae injury,
 I will find out your daughter dear,
 And them that's gane her wi'.

Then he did swear a solemn oath,
 By a' his gowd and land,
 Nae injury to them's be dune,
 Whether it be maid or man.

The porter then a letter wrote,
 And seal'd it wi' his hand ;
 And sent it to that lady fair,
 For to return hame.

When she came to her father's ha',
 He received her joyfullie ;
 And married her to brown Robyn,
 Now a happy man was he.

She hadna been in her father's ha'
 A day but barely three,
 Till she settled the porter well for life,
 Wi' gowd and white monie.

NOTES.

THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

Page 1.

THIS celebrated personage was long considered by the majority of the British public to be an aerial phantom, or fabulous delusion, like the gods of the Greeks and the Latins, created by the inventive imagination of the ancient poets, chroniclers, and historians; but I can assure my readers, he was a man of flesh and blood as was Adam, and all his generation downwards. Most of the ballads relative to Robin Hood and his man little John, *alias* John Little, are very old; and, for the times in which they were written, very good, and no doubt founded on facts and incidents which have escaped, or been overlooked by the more serious and grave part of prose writers. The one that is now given here, contains an accurate though brief sketch of his birth and pedigree, as much so as if it had been inrolled in the books and records of the Lion King at Arms, and afterwards in the peerage of the nobility of the realm.—He lived in the reign of Richard I. king of England. His father was principal steward to the Earl of Huntingdon, and his mother the Earl's only daughter; but having, according to the notification given in the ballad, been born in a wood, his natural propensity ran much upon hunting, and such like sports and pastime. He therefore chose, when he came to manhood, Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, for his principal place of residence, robbing, and plundering the rich, and befriending the poor, for which he was outlawed. He had another haunt near the sea, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where Robin Hood's Bay still retains his name: not that he was a pirate, but a land robber, who retreated to those unsuspected places for his security. As great a robber as he was, being rather a merry than a mischievous thief, and for the most part robbing none but the rich. He had the

good luck to escape the hand of justice. In short, he never murdered any thing but deer; and then he feasted his neighbours with the venison. Having been a great enemy to priests and priestcraft in his lifetime; in his sickness, he applied to one of the fraternity for phlebotomy at the nunnery of Kirklees in Yorkshire, where one of the monks, some say nuns, bled him to death, on the 24th of December 1247, as a great reward was set upon his head. Thus did one of Æsculapius' sons, a son of the healing art, send him across the bourne to that land from whence no traveller returns.

KING MALCOLM AND SIR COLVIN.

Page 6.

Malcolm, or Milcolumbus, succeeded Constantine the Third, and was the 76th king of Scotland. He ruled with great prudence and judgment, and distributed justice with equity, as he visited in person all the courts of justice every two years, to remedy the corruptions which had crept into them during the war: but while he was busy in punishing robbers, and reforming the manners of the people, who were lewd and lawless, he was slain by some conspirators in Murray, in the 15th year of his reign, about 950. The villains were afterwards pursued by the nobles, and brought to condign punishment. Sir Colvin had evidently been a great favourite with this good king, as he bestowed on him his daughter Jean, after she had made trial of his bravery in vanquishing an unearthly knight.

YOUNG ALLAN.

Page 11.

This ballad is so like Sir Patrick Spence in all its operations, as to be taken for a graff of the same stock. Young Allan seems to have been a gentleman of more religious principles and habits than was Sir Patrick; for, when the rest of the mariners were engaged in preparing the vessel for sea, he was praying to his God in his secret bower. By the forms of his religious duties, as saying Mass previous to his departure, and his thanking the Lady, i. e. the Virgin Mary, on his return, we may see he had been a convert to the church of Rome, which prevailed, and had the ascendancy of all others in those days.

SIR NIEL AND MAC VAN.

Page 16.

I have read of a Sir Niel Campbell who followed the fortune of Sir William Wallace, and, along with that brave champion, shared much of his hardships and toil; but I cannot say, to a certainty, that he was the man so dishonourably slain by one of his own clansmen, Campbell of Glengyle. This tragical affray originated in laying both their loves on one lady, a rich heiress in Argyleshire.

LORD JOHN'S MURDER.

Page 20.

A fragment of this pathetic ballad will be found in the Edinburgh Collection of 1776, vol. i. p. 165, already mentioned; but it is deficient in narrative, and imperfect in the tragical detail of what it contains. For some real or imaginary cause, the hero of the ballad murders his lover's only brother, for which he intends leaving the place of his rendezvous, but is prevented by the lady, who promises to secrete him in a place of her own bower. She proved faithful to her promise; for when nine armed men came in pursuit of him, she kept him secure; and to keep up the deception, and prevent suspicion, she entertained them all with bread and wine,—a proof that love is stronger than death. He having heard the men in converse with the lady, naturally supposed, from a guilty conscience, that they were his foes, and admitted into the house by the lady for his detection; so that, when she entered his apartment in a friendly manner, to inform him of the departure of his enemies, he drew his sword and gave her a mortal wound, thinking it was one of the men come to apprehend and secure him. On the discovery of his fatal mistake, the lady advised him to fly for his life, but he declined it, thinking himself worthy of death for her sake.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S NURSE.

Page 23.

The contrast between this lady's fidelity and love, to that of the foregoing, is evidently great. The one sacrificed her life for her lover; the other wished to sacrifice the life of her lover to her re-

sentment, for an imaginary slight to her person, and betrayed him to his enemies, an armed band she had sent to take away his life, although fortunately he escaped the snare she had laid for his destruction.

THE LAIRD O' SOUTHLAND'S COURTSHIP.

Page 27.

The fortunes of people are various in this world. Some rise to riches and honours by a strange and unaccountable dispensation of Providence, without any mental or bodily exertions of their own; while others, endued with the brightest talents, and the most consummate wisdom, use all the means of which they are possessed, to gain a comfortable subsistence, can neither rise above mediocrity in the world as a person of intellect, nor procure even a scanty pittance to sustain nature, but plods a weary wayward life, and drags out a miserable existence in penury and want, like another misanthropist, hating and being hated. The poet says there is a tide in every man's affairs, but O how few know when to sail with the stream! The heroine of this piece was one of those fortunates, who have been made to glide easily through the down-hill of life, and her declining years, instead of sickness and want, to be the sweetest and happiest of her days.

BURD HELEN.

Page 30.

Part of this beautiful ballad was published by Mr Robert Jamieson, under the name of "Burd Ellen," vol. i. p. 113, of his Popular Ballads and Songs, which was given from the recitation of Mrs Brown. In several places he has given verses of his own to fill up vacancies, and make the narrative more complete. It is, however, still very imperfect; as his additions, though beautiful of themselves, want much of that energy and natural simplicity which characterize the rest of the ballad. It is now given here, for the first time, in a complete state.

LORD LIVINGSTON.

Page 30.

A fragment under this name I have seen, which makes Lord

Livingston's antagonist Rothmar, instead of Scaton : and in every other particular, it differs from this copy.

The lady having had a perplexing dream, strove to detain him at home ; as she presaged some ill fortune would befall him, so it fell out. A religious veneration being paid by some to dreams, many have been forwarned by them to shun evil ; as Calphurnia, wife to Cæsar, dreamed the night before Cæsar's death, that she saw him stabbed in the Capitol : Simonides the poet having interred a dead corpse he found on the sea shore, the night after dreamed the person appeared to him, and advised him not to venture to sea, which he did not ; and his associates proceeding on their voyage, perished by a tempest. A thousand more instances could be given, which I decline for the present.

FAUSE SIR JOHN AND MAY COLVIN.

Page 45.

A fragment of this most beautiful ballad, differing from this one, was printed by Wotherspoon, Edinburgh, in the year 1776. Another fragment, partly from recitation, and partly made up from Wotherspoon's, is to be found in the *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*. The copy which is here presented, is the only complete one to be found ; as it relates, with the minutest accuracy, every trivial circumstance which took place at the beginning and end of the tragedy. In the fragments just mentioned, the seven unfortunate young ladies who had met with watery graves by the hand of this barbarous robber, are said to be king's daughters, which is not at all likely, even fertile as Scotland has been in producing kings, that there had been eight of them at one time ; nor that the ladies had been all of one father, courted by a petty baron.

The Binyan's Bay, to which he took the young lady to perpetrate the horrid deed, was the mouth of the river Ugie, as at one time, about five hundred years ago, the site of Peterhead was called Binyan. So my old and intelligent informant assured me ; and at the same time illustrated it with the following anecdote :— About three hundred years ago, a ship went into Norway in want of a mast, when the master went to a very old man who sat rocking a cradle, to purchase a tree for that purpose, and was told by

him that, in his early years, when he resided in Scotland, he could have walked from old Faithley to Binyan, i. e. Fraserburgh to Peterhead, on the tops of full grown trees. Whatever truth is in this relation I know not; but thus far it is clear, that, to this day, there are roots of very large trees often dug up between these two places.

WILLIE'S LYKE WAKE.

Page 51.

The stratagem which this lover made use of to try his lady's affection for him, is somewhat similar to the one displayed in the ballad of the Blue Flowers and the Yellow, and was alike successful.

NATHANIEL GORDON.

Page 54.

I endeavoured, as far as possible, to glean from old histories, some authentic account of this gentleman; and for that purpose had waded through Gordon's two volumes of the History of the Gordons, and also two volumes of Spalding's History of the Troubles in Scotland, from the year 1624 to 1645, these being the two principal historians who make any particular mention of him. I shall, however, use the liberty of giving the following compendium, drawn up from the above sources by Sir Walter Scott, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. ii. p. 48.—
 “ This gentleman was of the ancient family of Gordon of Gight. He had served, as a soldier, upon the continent, and acquired great military skill. When his chief, the Marquis of Huntly, took up arms in 1640, Nathaniel Gordon, then called Major Gordon, joined him, and was of essential service during that short insurrection. But, being checked for making prize of a Danish fishing buss, he left the service of the Marquis in some disgust. In 1644, he assisted at a sharp and dexterous *camisade*, (as it was then called,) when the Barons of Haddo, of Gight, of Drum, and other gentleman, with only sixty men under their standard, galloped through the old town of Aberdeen, and entering the burgh itself, about seven in the morning, made prisoners, and carried off, four of the covenanting magistrates,

and effected a safe retreat, though the town was then under the domination of the opposite party. After the death of the Bason of Haddo, and the severe treatment of Sir George Gordon of Gight, his cousin-german, Major Nathaniel Gordon, seems to have taken arms, in despair of finding mercy at the covenanters' hands. On the 24th of July 1645, he came down, with a band of horsemen, upon the town of Elgin, while St James' fair was held, and pillaged the merchants of fourteen thousand merks of money and merchandize. He seems to have joined Montrose as soon as he raised the royal standard; and, as a bold and active partizan, rendered him great service. But, in November 1644, Gordon, now a colonel, suddenly deserted Montrose, aided the escape of Forbes of Cragievar, one of his prisoners, and reconciled himself to the kirk, [by doing penance for adultery, and for the almost equally heinous crime of having scared Mr Andrew Cant, the famous apostle of the covenant. This, however, seems to have been an artifice, to arrange a correspondence betwixt Montrose and Lord Gordon, a gallant young nobleman, representative of the Huntly family, and inheriting their royal spirit, though hitherto engaged in the service of the covenant.

“ Colonel Gordon was successful, and returned to the royal camp with his converted chief. Both followed zealously the fortunes of Montrose, until Lord Gordon fell in the battle of Alford, and Nathaniel Gordon was taken at Philiphaugh. He was one of ten loyalists, devoted upon that occasion, by the parliament, to expiate with their blood the crime of fidelity to their king. Nevertheless, the covenanted nobles would have probably been satisfied with the death of the gallant Rollock, sharer of Montrose's dangers and glory,—of Ogilvy, a youth of eighteen, whose crime was the hereditary feud betwixt his family and Argyle,—and of Sir Philip Nisbet, a cavalier of the ancient stamp; had not the pulpits resounded with the cry, that God required the blood of the Malignants, to expiate the sins of the people. ‘What meaneth,’ exclaimed the ministers, in the perverted language of Scripture,—‘what meaneth, then, this bleating of the sheep in my ears, and the lowing of the oxen? The appeal to the judgment of Samuel was decisive, and the shambles were instantly opened. Nathaniel Gordon was brought first to execution. He lamented the sins of

his youth, once more (and probably with greater sincerity) requested absolution from the sentence of excommunication pronounced on account of adultery, and was beheaded 6th January 1646."

LORD LUNDIE.

Page 57.

The two youthful lovers, the subjects of this ballad, had been brought up together at one school; but on the lady's having been sent abroad to give a finish to her education, the young lord dressed himself in the same female attire, and accompanied her *fit* better and for worse. On her father's hearing of his daughter's intrigues, he summoned her home, and commanded her to marry an English Prince, which she promised to do to appease her father's wrath, and ward off other suspicions; but on arriving in the church where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, her first and only lover came in, with a few of his followers, armed, and claimed her as his own. They were then married in defiance of her father and the young prince.

JOCK AND TAM GORDON.

Page 61.

The origin of the ancient surname of Gordon has not as yet been clearly ascertained; some deriving it from a city in Macedonia, called Gordonia; others from the manor of Gordon in Normandy; but according to Chalmers, from the barony of Gordon in Berwickshire. John Ferrerius the Piedmont monk, who wrote a short history of the name of Gordon, says, "That amongst these valiant captains who assisted Malcolm III. king of Scotland, against the English, about the year 1057, was one Gordon, whose Christian name is not known. He some time before had killed a fierce bear that much wasted the country near the forest or wood of Huntly. This gentleman being conspicuous both for his prudence and valour, was much in favour with King Malcolm, who generously, as a reward of his merit, bestowed upon him the lands of Gordon and Huntly: and, that the memory of so remarkable an action as the killing of that bear, might be transmitted to posterity, the king would have him carry in his banner three bears' heads. Or, in a field azure. He also at this time got the lands of

Seitchel and other lands in the Merse, which continued in the family of Huntly for upwards of five hundred years afterwards; and that the gentleman called himself by the name of these lands." After having gone over a long line of the ancestry of this noble family, he adds, regarding *Jock* and *Tam Gordon*, that "Elizabeth Gordon, heiress of Huntly, had two natural brothers, born to her father by Elizabeth Cruikshanks, daughter to Cruikshanks of Assanly, the eldest called *John* of Scurdarg, of whom are descended many gentlemen of considerable estates; and the laird of Pitlurg had been, by the descendants of his family, esteemed the representative of him.

"The other brother was called *Tom* of Riven, who, by several wives, had eighteen sons, of whom are descended a numerous offspring of brave gentlemen."

"Others affirm," says Gordon of Straloch, "that John and Thomas, commonly called *Jock* and *Tam*, were not brothers, but uncles to the heiress, and lawful sons to Sir John Gordon of Huntly, killed in the battle of Otterburn; and secluded from the succession, because entailing of estates to heirs male was not then, nor long after, in use in Scotland."

William Gordon, in his History of the Gordons, also adds, after having summed up all the evidence in his power; "By all which it appears very evident to me, that they were the legitimate uncles of (and not the illegitimate brothers to) Elizabeth Gordon the heiress. But whatever be in that, this I am sure of, that from them have descended a very numerous race of brave and loyal gentlemen, who have eminently signalized themselves whenever their king, their country, or their chief's interest called them to it; and have still imitated their brave and loyal ancestors."

I need not say, that, even to this day, the chiefs of the Gordons have nobly and honourably acquitted themselves in very hazardous enterprises, and maintained and supported that character so justly due, and so freely given to their progenitors.

THE BONNY LASS O' ENGLESSIE'S DANCE.

Page 63.

In another copy of this ballad which I have seen, instead of the bonny lass of Englessie, as here, it is Anglesey. Which of the

two is the most authentic reading, I will not say; but as I do not make deviations from the copies taken down from recitation, I have given the names of both. Perhaps Anglesey may be the more correct. It is altogether a political piece, and I do not wish to interfere much with it.

GEORDY DOWNIE.

Page 65.

It has long been proverbial, and even to this day believed by some, that the itinerant tinkers, *alias* wandering gypsies, possess a charm, by which they can make any woman they please follow them, and submit to their embraces. I have seen receipts for such, but had no faith in them, even although given by the celebrated Reginald Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*.

In the ballad of Johnny Faa, the Gypsy Laddie, we are informed that the Countess of Casillis made a *faux pas*, in her husband's absence, and went away with a tinker. It is said "he kist the glamour o'er her." What this glamour is I cannot rightly define; it will not demonstrate by cubes and angles.

LORD ABOYNE.

Page 66.

This ballad has been confounded by some modern writers with the "Baron of Leys," but it has no connection with it whatever. In my "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads," lately published, I have given another version of this ballad under the same name, but it is considerably different from this one, which makes me give it a place here. Whether the Earl had been the hero of both, I am not authorized to say. Gordon, in his *History of the Gordons*, says, Charles Gordon, Viscount of Aboyne, behaved so valiantly at the bridge of Dee, against Graham, Marquis of Montrose, on the 18th of June 1639, where he commenced the attack with only two pieces of demi-cannon, to which the Grahams answered with a discharge of musquetry: The Gordons behaved so gallantly, that the Grahams retreated in confusion. For this action, and the Gordons' steady adherence to the court of Charles I. and II. his Majesty Charles II. created him Earl of Aboyne, Sept. 10, 1661.—He married Margaret Irvine, daughter to Irvine of Drum. In 1671, he repaired

the castle of Aboyne, and added some beauties to it, and died in 1686.

YOUNG HASTINGS.

Page 67.

To prevent me from being impugned with the charge of plagiarism, or giving in this Collection what has already been given in print; this ballad, with several others, were sent me in MSS. by Mr Nicol, Strichen, who wrote them from memory, as he had learned them in his earlier years from old people. These MSS. I sent to my friend, the editor of the *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*, who printed them in that valuable work. I hope he will then excuse my mentioning such here, as it is solely with the view of vindicating my own cause from the charge that might be brought against me by my enemies, as I have already denied taking so much as a single line from any printed work whatever.—The ballads alluded to in the MSS. are,—Young Hastings, Reedisdale and Wise William, Billie Archie, Young Bearwell, Kemp Owyne, and Earl Richard.

REEDISDALE AND WISE WILLIAM.

Page 70.

This ballad has the genuine stamp of antiquity in all its wanderings. Two gentlemen having spent some time together burling at the wine, the subject of the conversation turned on the incontinency of women, when Wise William, to clear the sex of this foul imputation, said he had a sister who lived in a bower not far distant, that no one could tempt to become unchaste. Reedisdale laid in wad his head against the lands of Wise William, that he would gain this lady's favour, and obtain the object of his wishes. The lady was made acquainted, by a private communication, of the risk she ran, and what lay at stake upon her account. She was faithful to the instructions given her; and, although the castle where she staid had been threatened, and actually set on fire, in order to make her give up and comply with his earnest entreaties, she did not give up her chastity, nor yield to Reedisdale's unlawful embraces, so that he lost the wager. He afterwards declared that, if there were a good woman in the world, this lady was one.

YOUNG BEARWELL.

Page 75.

The localities mentioned in this romantic fragment, are such as now to be utterly unknown. From Young Bearwell's being a harper of considerable eminence, even excelling the king and all his company, it may be presumed he was no mean person. He had fallen in love with the mayor's daughter of Birktonbrae, for whom he was obliged to sail the salt sea foam. At other times, we are told to think she was the king's daughter. It is quite full of inconsistencies, which make me think it has, at an early period, belonged to a class of a different kind.

KEMP OWYNE.

Page 78.

Those who have read the fictitious works of Ovid, and others of the Latin and Greek poets, will not start at the horrid transformation said to have been made by a sorceress on her step-daughter, in this legendary ballad, somewhat curious in its recital. Fiction was a privilege in which the poets of old delighted much to indulge: many of their best pieces are so wound up and interwoven with the superstition of the times in which they lived, that what is real, and what is fabulous, are scarcely discernable from each other. Even to this day, a silent awe hangs over the minds of many of the lower orders in Scotland, who think that witches or warlocks have still the same power as that with which they were invested some few hundred years ago. Out of hundreds of stories of magical deception and transformations, I shall only relate one, being affirmed for a very truth by Saint Augustine, who gives many more of a like nature. "It happened in the citie of Salamin, in the kingdome of Cyprus, (wherein is a good haven) that a ship loaden with merchandize staid there for a short space. In the mean time, many of the souldiers and mariners went to shoare, to prouide frest victuals. Among which number, a certain English man, being a sturdie young fellowe, went to a woman's house, a litle waie out of the citie, and not fare from the sea side, to see whether she had anie eggs to sell. Who perceiving him to be a lustie young fellow, a stranger, and farre from his countrie, (so as vpon the losse of him there would be the lesse misse or inquirie) she considered with her-

selfe how to destroie him; and willed him to stay there awhile; whilst she went to fetch a few eggs for him. But she tarried long, so as the yoong man called vnto her, desiring her to make hast; for he told her that the tide would be spent, and by that meanes his ship would be gone, and leave him behinde. Howbeit, after some detracting of time, she brought him a few eggs, willing him to returne to her, if his ship were gone when he came. The yoong fellow returned towards his ship; but before he went aboard, he would needes eate an eg or twaine to satisfie his hunger, and within short space he became dumb and out of his wits, (as he afterward, said.) When he would have entered into the ship, the mariners beat him back with a cudgell, saieng, What a murren lackes the asse? Whither the diuel will this asse? The asse or yoong man, (I cannot tell by which name I should terme him) being many times repelled, and vnderstanding their words that called him asse, considering that he could speak never a word, and yet could vnderstand euerie bodie; he thought that he was bewitched by the wiceman, at whose house he was. And therefore, when by no meanes he could get into the boate, but was driven to tarrise and see her departure; being also beaten from place to place, as an asse; he remembered the witches words, and the words of his own fellowes that called him asse, and returned to the witches house, in whose seruice he remained by the space of three yeares, dooing nothing with his hands all that while, but carried such burdens as she laid on his back; having onelie this comfort, that although he were reputed an asse among strangers and beasts, yet that both this witch, and all other witches knew him to be a man.

“After three yeares were passed over, in a morning betimes he went to towne before his dame; who, upon some occasions, staid a litle behind. In the mean time being neere to a church, he heard a litle saccaring bell ring to the eleuation of a morrowes masse, and not daring to go into the church, least he should have bene beaten and driven out with cudgells, in great deuotion he fell downe in the church-yard, vpon the knees of his hinder legs, and did left his forefeet ouer his head, as the preest doth hold the sacrament at the eleuation. Which prodigious sight, when certaine merchants of Geneus espied, and with wonder beheld; anon cometh the witch with a cudgell in her hand, beating forth the asse. And because

(as it hath bene said) such kinds of witchcrafts are verie usual in those parts; the merchants aforesaid made such meanes, as both the aunc and the witch were attached by the iudge. And she being examined and set vpon the rack, confessed the whole matter, and promised, that if she might have libertie to go home, she would restore him to his old shape; and being dismissed, she did accordingly. So as notwithstanding they apprehended her again, and burned her: and the yong man returned into his countrie with a saifal and merrie hart!"—*Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584.*

**EARL RICHARD, THE QUEEN'S BROTHER,
AND EARL LITHGOW.** Pages 81. 91.

Five different versions of a ballad on this subject have I seen of late; three in print, and the two which are given here from the recitation of very old people. One of the printed copies is given by Dr Percy, in an English dress, under the name of "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter." Another is in a late Collection, by Mr George R. Kinloch. And a third is in a very old stall-ballad, under the title of "The Shepherd's Daughter." They are all different in their historical account of the hero of the ballad. Some assigning him one situation and place of honour, and some another. The last verse of the stall-copy, concludes by saying:

O when she came to her father's yetts,
Where she did reckon kin;
She was the queen of fair Scotland,
And he but a goldsmith's son.

I have given both recited copies, in fact, the only complete ones to be met with; so that the reader will have an opportunity of observing the various changes that have taken place in historical poetry, however careful those may be who learn it from oral tradition.

BONNIE LIZIE LINDSAY.

Page 102.

A fragment of a ballad of this name was published in Mr Jamieson's Collection, vol. ii. p. 149, where he says, it was transmitted to him by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, as it was taken

down from the recitation of an old woman. This is not the only ballad Mr Scott has contributed to Mr Jamieson's store of ancient poetry. Happy was he in having such a friend, who knew how to estimate the value of, and was not ashamed to collect the scattered and perishing relics of his country.

This ballad is now, for the first time, given in a complete state. In Mr Jamieson's copy, the place of Donald's residence is called Kincawsyn, but in this one Kingcaussie, which is the true reading; being derived from the Gaelic *Kis* or *Cean*, a head, and *Ghousie*, a fir wood. Kingcaussie is a neat villa on the south banks of the Dee; and, as it at one time belonged to the Irvines, the ancient and honourable family of Drum, I have no doubt but the hero of the ballad had been one of them.

THE BARON TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

Page 109.

This plan of wooing and marrying a wife was at one time more common than what it is now; although at times attended with much inconvenience and danger. Matches thus made, and founded on the principles of love and honour, were more likely to make the contractors happy, and their happiness more complete, and of longer duration than those whose object is entirely wealth. The hero of this piece was one of the Skenes of that ilk.

DONALD M'QUEEN'S FLIGHT WITH LIZIE MENZIE.

Page 117.

Donald M'Queen, the hero of this ballad, was one of the servants of Baron Seaton of Fyvie, who, with his master, had fled to France after the rebellion in 1715. Baron Seaton having died in France, Donald, his man, returned to Fyvie with one of his master's best horses, and procured a love potion, *alias* the "tempting cheese of Fyvie," which had the effect of bewitching, or, in other words, casting the glamour o'er his mistress, Lizzie Menzie, the Lady of Fyvie. Some years afterwards this lady went through the country as a common pauper, when being much fatigued, and in a forlorn condition, she fell fast asleep in the mill of Fyvie, whither she had gone to solicit an alms (charity): on her awaken-

ing, she declared that she had just now slept as soon' a sleep with the meal-pock beneath her head, as ever she had done on the best down-bed of Fyvie. This information I had from James Rankin, an old blind man, who is well acquainted with the traditions of the country.

THE MILLAR'S SON.

Page 120.

This ballad, by the burden of its song, is undoubtedly very old. The lady mourns for the absence of her lover, who had promised to send her some comforting letters; but, in order to put her love to the test, declined it till his return; who, underneath the shade of an apple tree, overheard all her complaint.

THE LAST GUID-NIGHT.

Page 127.

All that ever I have as yet been able to discover in print of this very old song, were eight lines, which have been quoted by Burns, and many others since. Even the indefatigable Sir Walter Scott, could discover no more for all his researches, and these he has given in the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. i. p. 283. He conceives the lines to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, warden of the middle marches: but I am inclined to think they have been written on another occasion, long prior to the time of Carmichael's death, which happened on the 16th of June, 1600. The eight lines alluded to, have been long current, and the air to which they are sung popular in Scotland. It gives me then particular pleasure to be able to lay this much-admired relic, so often sought after in vain by the learned, in a complete state, before the lovers of ancient song.

THE BONNY BOWS O' LONDON.

Page 128.

I have seen four or five different versions of this ballad; but none in this dress, nor with the same chorus, which makes me give its insertion here. In this copy, we are informed that the lady's suitor was a king's son, whereas, in most of the others, he

was only a baron. The fatal incidents are nearly the same. The old woman, from whose recitation I took it down, says, she had heard another way of it, quite local, whose burden runs thus :—
 “ Even into Buchanshire, vari, vari, O.”

THE ABASHED KNIGHT.

Page 131.

I wish every lady were as tenacious of her virtue, and that those whose honour is attempted, had as much strength and courage as the heroine of this ballad : if such were the case, we would hear of less prosecutions for rape and murder.

LORD SALTOUN AND AUCHANACHIE.

Page 133.

According to the old Scottish adage, “ Forced prayers are nae devotion.” Nor is a forced compliance of pretended love, of long duration. Jeannie Gordon lost her life by the compulsory measures resorted to by her greedy father to compel her to marry Lord Saltoun, whom she mortally hated, in preference to Auchanachie Gordon, whom she ardently loved. The seat of Lord Saltoun, which “ lies low by the sea,” alluded to in the ballad, is Philorth, on the east coast of Aberdeenshire, about three miles south of Fraserburgh.

THE DEATH OF JOHN SETON.

Page 136.

The battle of the Bridge of Dee was fought on the 19th of June 1639, between the Marquis of Montrose on the part of the covenanters, and the Earl of Aboyne on the part of the royalists. During the engagement, a shot from one of the covenanters' cannon, as he was riding by Lord Aboyne's side, severed his body in two. He was a young man of considerable natural parts, and a steady loyalist, deprived of life in the 29th year of his age.

In the “ Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads,” there is another copy differing from this one ; and in one lately sent me in MS. by a young lady in Aberdeen, Earl Marischal is made to take an active lead in the affairs of the army.

WALTER LESLY.

Page 139.

This ballad has been composed on the stealing of a rich old woman's daughter, who gave her lover the slip at bedding, and waded through moss and mire, till she reached the home from whence she was taken. Who the Walter Lesly was that stole the lady, I have not yet been able to ascertain to a certainty. The name Lesly is of Hungarian origin, and arose from the following circumstance:—Two men having been chosen to decide, in single combat, the fate of a battle which stood on a field called Les Ley, i. e. the Field or Ley, on the sea shore, one of the gentlemen was victorious, and carried the trophy to the king, repeating these words:—

Between les ley and the mare,
I left him groveling in his lair.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Page 143.

When Prince Charles Edward Steuart attempted to take the crown of Britain by force of arms in 1745-8, many of his adherents, to stir up the great body of the people in his favour, wrote numberless songs in his praise, adapted to lively and spirited old tunes, and interwove them with stanzas of the best old ballads, as suited their purposes. This was one among the rest which was selected for that purpose, as may be found in some Jacobite collections. It is here given in its original state, having been written long before Jacobite songs were the *Bon Ton* of the day.

THE BARON O' LEYS.

Page 144.

Part of this ballad, by ballad-mongers, has been confused with the ballad of the Earl of Aboyne, called, in some instances, the "Ranting Laddie." This ballad is, however, perfectly complete of itself, and has no connection with any other whatever.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE'S COURTSHIP.

Page 148.

From the conclusion of this ballad, I am apt to think his Grace

had been merely hoaxing the English lady in his courtship, to try her attachment to his person, not his rank and fortune.

“The ancient and noble family of Campbell is derived from a long train of great ancestors, much farther back than can be vouched by writings or records, and seems to be founded upon the traditional accounts of the senachies and bards, whose office consisted chiefly in recording the actions and achievements of their great and illustrious men. Camden derives this pedigree from the ancient kings of Argyll, in the sixth century, above 300 years before Scotland was a monarchy. The first appellation they used, was O’Dubin, which, according to an early custom, they assumed from Diarmed O’Dubin, one of their ancestors, who was a brave and warlike man, and from him, in the Irish language, they are called to this time Scol Diarmed, that is, the posterity and offspring of Diarmed. From the aforesaid Diarmed O’Dubin, the bards have recorded a long series of the Barons of Lochow, whose actions they tell us were very renowned, both for conduct and courage; and to him succeeded Paul O’Dubin, who was lord of Lochow, and was denominated Paul Spuran, from his being the king’s treasurer; but he having no male issue, his estate went to his daughter Eva; who being married to Gilespick O’Dubin, a relation of her own, they got the name changed to Campbell, thereby to perpetuate the memory of a noble and heroic piece of service performed by him for the crown of France, in the reign of Malcolm Canmore.”—*Rudiments of Honour*.

THE LAIRD O’ MELDRUM AND PEGGY DOUGLAS.

Page 151.

Fortune, at times, favours the importunate, as well as the brave. I have heard some old people say, that “she who bodes (importunes) a silk gown, seldom misses of a sleeve.” The laird of Meldrum’s house-maid looked high, and reached her destination—she was fortunate in the object of her wish.

JOHNNY, LAD.

Page 153.

Among all the ballads or songs of this name,—and they are not

a few to be met with in modern Collections,—this one has never made its appearance, at least I have never seen it. It is very old, and, as far as I can learn, the original of all the others; although it does not altogether agree with my ideas of the composition of an ancient song. The old air to which it is sung is truly beautiful.

DONALD OF THE ISLES.

Page 155.

It would appear from the ballad, that the hero of this piece had been one of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, who at one time resided in Islay, in all the pomp of royalty. Their sway was absolute, as their power was unlimited. They were crowned and anointed in form, by the Bishop of Argyll, and seven inferior priests, in presence of their kindred and vassals, who swore the same obedience to the commands of their crowned chief, as to that of a father, or an absolute sovereign.

In the island of Islay, in the county of Argyll, are the ruins of their palaces and offices still to be seen.

PORTMORE.

Page 158.

Donald Cameron was the author of this very beautiful and very old song. It is well known to most poetical readers, with how little success Burns endeavoured to graft upon this stock, a twig of his own rearing. Even Mr Cunningham, in his Songs of Scotland, admits the fact, and regrets that he could give no more than the first four lines of the original. The whole is now, for the first time, given complete, from the recitation of a very old person.

JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK.

Page 159.

In the year 1097, at the instigation of Simon, patriarch of Jerusalem, and Peter the Hermit, there was raised a very great army, composed of all the Christian Princes of Europe, called the Crusaders, who went to Jerusalem against the Turks and Saracens, to root out these infidels, that the Christians might enjoy peace in their religious duties. John Thomson having been one of the

chief men in the command of this army, his wife had gone from Scotland to see him ; but on her return, he insisted to be aware of and avoid the Turkish chieftains, and endeavour to keep herself clear of their marauding parties, which were always on the outlook for plunder. She, however, took her own way, like too many of her sex, and followed her own inclination, going directly to the palace of the Turkish commander, where she staid till discovered by her husband, who went in search of her in the disguise of a palmer. She was afterwards, and her paramour, burned in his castle, the punishment due to each: hers for her deception and treachery, and his for his cruelty.

JOCK THE LEG AND THE MERRY MERCHANT.

Page 165.

From the circumstance of the Merry Merchant having overcome Little John, who was no bad swordsman, in single combat, we may, with the same show of good reason, suppose him to be the strongest and bravest man at that time in the country ; as did the parish schoolmaster prove by the following syllogism, that he was the greatest man in his parish. First, because he ruled over all the children ; secondly, the children ruled over their mothers ; and, thirdly, the mothers ruled over their husbands : So, the Merry Merchant overcame Little John ; Little John, Robin Hood ; and Robin Hood all the rest of the country.

The ballad must be very old, the hero of it being contemporary with Little John and Robin Hood.

CAPTAIN JOHNSTON'S LAST FAREWELL.

Page 170.

The hero of this ballad was Sir John Johnston of Caskieben, Aberdeenshire. He was executed at Tyburn in the year 1689, for aiding and assisting the Duke of Argyll's brother, the Hon. Captain James Campbell of Burnbank, in stealing away, and forcibly marrying, Miss Mary Wharton, a rich heiress, only thirteen years of age. The ballad was written in 1690.

Sir John Johnston was a descendant of Dr Arthur Johnston's, the famous Latin poet, who flourished in 1637.

LIZIE BAILLIE.

Page 173.

A ballad under this name, and somewhat similar, was printed by *Wotherspoon*, in the second volume of his *Collection*: there are, however, some breaches in that one, which are now happily made up in this one. There is also a difference between them in the manner of detail. The *Duncan Græme* mentioned in the ballad is only fictitious, to prevent the real name being known.

Lizie Baillie was a daughter of the Reverend Mr *Baillie's*, and lady's maid to the Countess of *Saltoun*, to whose son, *Alexander*, master of *Saltoun*, she bare a child. The young man wished to legitimatise the offspring of his unlawful love, by marrying the mother of his child, but was prevented by Lord and Lady *Saltoun*, his father and mother, as being below his degree; when he retorted by saying,—“She was a minister's daughter, and he was but a minister's grandson.” He, on the mother's side, having descended from Dr *James Sharpe*, Archbishop of *St Andrews*, who was the tragical victim of religious fury and enthusiastic bigotry, and assassinated for the cause of episcopacy in Scotland in 1679. The young nobleman's mother's name was *Margaret Sharpe*, who married *William*, second Lord *Saltoun*, and he was the only issue. After having continued a considerable length of time a bachelor, he married *Lady Mary Gordon*, daughter of *George Earl of Aberdeen*, and *Lizie Baillie* was then forgotten. The late Mr *Fraser*, minister of *Tyrie*, was a grandson to *Lizie Baillie*, and great grandson to *Alexander Fraser*, third Lord *Saltoun*.

THE COUNTESS OF ERROL.

Page 176.

Many profane ballads were written on the subject which this one commemorates. The Countess' behaviour on the occasion, gave great room to the ungodly poetasters of her day, to celebrate her in their scoffing songs. She was a daughter of *James Carnegie*, second Earl of *Southesk*, and brought an action before the Court of Session, against her husband, *Gilbert Hay*, Earl of *Errol*, whom she wished to divorce for impotency.

WILLIE DOO.

Page 179.

In the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii. p. 261, there is a ballad to be found, entitled "Lord Randal," which is somewhat similar in its catastrophe. The editor of that valuable work says,— "There is a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by a false step-mother." I have every reason to believe this is the beautiful nursery song to which Sir Walter alludes, now for the first time printed.

THE EARL OF DOUGLAS AND
DAME OLIPHANT.

Page 181.

The Douglasses have been long celebrated in Scottish song, as a brave and warlike race. One of their historians, (Hume of Godscroft,) in speaking of their origin, says,— "We do not know them in the fountain, but in the stream; not in the root, but in the stemme; for we know not, who was the first mean man, that did raise himself above the vulgar." The Douglasses are of Flemish extraction; Arnald, the Abbot of Kelso, having between the years 1147 and 1160, granted to Theobald the Fleming, the lands and title-deeds of Duglasdale, his son William, who inherited the estate after him, was the first that assumed the surname *De Duglas*. So much esteemed was Sir James Douglas by King Robert Bruce, that on his death-bed he commissioned this nobleman to carry his heart, according to the then custom of the times, to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem.

In all my researches into our national histories, I can find it nowhere said that one of the Douglasses married a daughter of any of the kings of England, of the name of Oliphant. William Douglas, commonly called the "Black Douglas," was married to Egidia, the daughter of Robert II. king of Scotland. The only Dame Oliphant I read of, was in a poetical but satirical advice by Sir David Lindsay to King James V., on one of his concubines of that name.

THE GARDENER LAD.

Page 187.

There is something poetical, but much trifling matter exhibited here. The summer and winter allusions contrasted, have a tolerably good effect; but it has not been composed by a master in the art of rhyming.

WARENSTON AND THE DUKE OF YORK'S DAUGHTER.

Page 190.

Several ballads have been published on this subject, under the name of "Mary Hamilton," &c. all differing from one another, particularly regarding the lady's parentage and death. This copy holds out that her father was the Duke of York, (perhaps a natural daughter) and that, after having been condemned to death for child murder, by Queen Mary, one of whose waiting maids she had been, she was rescued from the gallows tree by her paramour, Warenston, who paid ten thousand crowns, the sum exacted for her life. John Knox, in his History of the Reformation, gives an account of a similar murder which took place in his time, by a French woman, who had played the whore with the Queen's apothecary. The murder of the child was committed with the consent of the father and mother, according to this historian, which contradicts the evidence of the ballad now before us, where the poet introduces the father of the child as ignorant, and saying, —

I bade you nurse my bairn well,
And nurse it carefullie;
And gowd shou'd been your hire, Mairry,
And my body your fee.

THE LAIRD O' DRUM.

Page 194.

The hero of this ballad is Alexander Irvine, Esquire of Drum, in the parish of Drumoak, on Deeside, Aberdeenshire. Drum is derived from the Gaelic, and means a rising ground. It is the chief seat of the ancient, the honourable, and the once powerful and brave family of Irvine. Drum's ancestor, Alexander de Irvyne, was a son of Irvine of Bonshaw's, in the south of Scotland,

who being armour-bearer to Robert Bruce, had the lands and forest of Drum conferred upon him by that prince. The charter, still extant, is dated the eighteenth year of his reign, which fell in the year 1324. The king, as a further mark of his favour, gave Mr Irvine for his armorial bearing three bunches of holly leaves, three in each, two and one; with a bundle of holly leaves for the crest, and the words *sub sole, sub umbra virens*, for a motto; which are said to have been the arms he himself bore when Earl of Carrick.

Feuds and animosities had long subsisted between the Marischall and Drum families, in which many had lost their lives on both sides; and, to this day, there is a deep place in the river Dee, opposite to Drum, called the Keith's Pot, into which, it is said, the Irvines used to drive their enemies. It is further said, that, on occasion of some quarrel, Marischall sent a message to Drum, threatening, if he got not reparation of the injury, that he would come and take him out of his crow's nest. "He may try it," said Drum; "but tell him, that if I live but a little longer, I shall build a nest which he and all his clan shall not be able to throw down."

By the mediation of the king, a reconciliation of the two families was effected; and that it might be lasting, his Majesty proposed that Drum's eldest son should marry Marischall's daughter. They were accordingly married, and there has never since been any difference between the families. It appears, however, that the young gentleman still retained his resentment; for though he behaved politely to the lady, he never consummated his marriage. He had succeeded to the estate before 1411; for in that year, he and his brother set out for the battle of Harlaw on the head of his tenants.

On the top of a hill, at some miles distance, where they were to lose sight of their native place, they both sat down upon a stone, still known by the name of Drum's Stone, where the eldest brother is said to have spoken to this effect: "From the character of our enemies, we have reason to expect an obstinate engagement, in which, my brother, you or I, perhaps both of us, may fall; be that as the providence of God shall see meet. In the meantime, I must condemn one thing in my own conduct, and give you a serious advice, while the advice of a friend may be heard; I regret

sincerely that I have not lived with the lady I married in the manner I should have lived, and if I return to Drum, shall make her all the reparation in my power. But if I should drop, and you come off safe, I recommend it to you to marry your sister-in-law, with whom I have never consummated my marriage."

The eldest brother was killed, after he had slain Maclean, one of the Highland chieftains; the youngest came off unhurt, and married his sister-in-law. This laird of Drum is very respectfully mentioned in the old popular ballad of the battle of Harlaw:—

"Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
The much renounit Laird of Drum,
Nane in his days were better sene,
Quhen they were semblet all and sum.

To praise him we sud not be dumm,
For valor, wit, and worthiness;
To end his days he there did cum,
Quhois ransom is remeidyles."

At Aquhorak, in the parish of Kinnear, is a great stone, called Drum's Stone, in sight of Drum and Harlaw, upon which Drum made his testament, as he went to Harlaw, and his cairn is to be seen to this day.

Margaret Coutts was the name of the fortunate heroine of this ballad, who became from being lady's maid to be herself lady of Drum.

LOVE GREGORY.

Page 196.

Of this legendary ballad, this is the only original copy to be met with. "The Bonny Lass of Lochroyan" was first published, with additions, by Lawrie and Symington, in 1791; and since, in various other Collections, like a snow-ball, always increasing in bulk as it rolls along, by the officious hands of our modern song-wrights. In this copy, the name of the unfortunate fair one is Janet; in the others, it is Annie. The notorious Peter Pindar, *alias* Dr Wolcott, and the celebrated Robert Burns, each in their way, has tried their hands upon it, and each produced specimens of masterhip.

THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL.

Page 201.

This ballad is so similar in incident and catastrophe to Fause Sir John and May Colvin, that a good judge might be nearly deceived in saying which of the two had the honour of the greatest antiquity on its side.

THE BRAES O' YARROW.

Page 203.

The very sound of the name of the Braes o' Yarrow, has something more sweet and enchanting in it than the banks of any other stream celebrated in song. The tragical end of these youthful lovers are certainly depicted with all the energy of a poet's pen. A fragment of this beautiful old ballad, recording the dream only, is to be found in some old collections. Sir Walter Scott has given a copy of the ballad itself, although very different from this one. William Hamilton of Bangour, and the Rev. Mr Logan of Leith, have each attempted imitations, but come far short of the original, although each is good of its kind. Who were the unfortunate hero and heroine of the piece, I am not prepared with certainty to say, as tradition reports so many.

LADY DIAMOND, THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

Page 206.

For as much modernizing as this ballad has evidently undergone by its reciters, it still retains as much of that antique dress, as sanctions the opinion of its being at least three hundred years old. How different was the lady's conduct on the untimely death of her son, even although a king's daughter as she was, when compared with many others who have been seduced from the path of rectitude and honour!—Infanticide is a crime which of late has been but too common, and too easily overlooked by our wise legislature.

THE BETRAYED LADY.

Page 208.

Of this ballad I have seen three different copies; the present one; another in a lately published Collection of Ancient Ballads;

and the third in an English Collection and dress. The English copy begins thus :—

It was a knight in Scotland born,
Follow my love, come over the strand—
Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong,
Follow my love, come over the strand—
Where he could not walk nor lay along,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

It finishes with the lady's advice to all young maidens, to beware of being deceived by Scotchmen.

THE HAUGHS O' YARROW.

Page 211.

This is another of Yarrow's inspired songs. How this stream has been so prolific in its poets I know not ; but true it is, that all those who have attempted to sing its praise, or celebrate the actions of those who have been its visitors, have almost universally succeeded in their attempts, at least all of them that have been handed down to posterity.

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

Page 212.

It has been thought by some, but without any show of plausibility or reason, that Thomas of Winesberry was altogether a fictitious name, assumed by James V. of Scotland, as he went to France *incognito*, in 1536, in search of a wife. By the copy which is given here, we are told the rank of Thomas, and that he was chamberlain to the king's daughter of France ; and that, although he married the lady, he wanted none of her riches, as he had a plentiful fortune of his own on the banks of the river Dee, in Scotland.

THE VIRGINIAN MAID'S LAMENT.

Page 215.

This is the plaintive voice of the heart : it breathes with fer-

veny, and details a few of those hardships to which the unfortunate victims are liable who have fallen into those monsters of impiety's hands that have been the means of their transportation and slavery.

The practice of kidnapping, or stealing children from their parents, in the north of Scotland, from 1735 down to 1753, a period of eighteen years inclusive, and selling them for slaves to the planters of Maryland, Virginia, &c. in North America, is too notorious to require any illustration here. Even some of the good magistrates and principal merchants in Aberdeen, in those days, had a hand in this most diabolical traffic; as may be seen from a book kept by Walter Cochran, town-clerk-depute of Aberdeen. It is also well known to many people in this country, with what unheard of reception, cruelty, and lawless oppression, one of those captives, namely, Peter Williamson, after having undergone the most cruel torments by the savage Indians, met with from these magistrates on his return from slavery, to his native land. Instead of sympathising with his woes, welcoming home with gladness, as a fellow-mortal, and giving him that redress to which the laws of his country warranted, and he justly entitled; more cruel than the most barbarous savages, they stript him of his all, i. e. the books, which the more generous, and more humane magistrates of York, had caused to be printed for him at their sole expense, as a means for his subsistence. These the *Bon Accord* magistrates of 1753, publicly burned by the hands of the common hangman. Not even satisfied with this, he was imprisoned, loaded with every opprobrious name of reproach, branded with the name of an imposter and liar; in short, every thing that was evil was laid to his charge, merely because he had told too much of the truth, and exposed too much of the knavery of these satanical commercialists, in his little book. Thank God, we are now free from those inhuman monsters of cruelty; those corrupt judges, and arbitrary and tyrannical magistrates, in this part of the country. The lesson which all might have learned from the decision of that venerable and impartial body of noblemen and gentlemen, the College of Justice of Edinburgh, on this occasion, will, I hope, operate strongly on the minds of all those in power, not unjustly, nor lawlessly to oppress any one, however poor in circumstances.

as they may meet with a friend to advocate their cause, as did the unfortunate Peter Williamson, when they least expected it.

To those who may be more desirous of knowing the nature and the extent that kidnapping was once carried on in Aberdeen, by a set of the most unprincipled ruffians, dead to all the feelings of humanity, I shall give a short sketch of it in the identical words of one of the sufferers. "The trade of carrying off boys to the plantations in America, and selling them there as slaves, was carried on at Aberdeen, as far down as the year 1744, with an amazing effrontery. It was not carried on in secret, or by stealth, but publicly, and by open violence. The whole neighbouring country were alarmed at it. They would not allow their children to go to Aberdeen, for fear of being kidnapped. When they kept at home, emissaries were sent out by the merchants, who took them by violence from their parents, and carried them off. If a child was missing, it was immediately suspected that he was kidnapped by the Aberdeen merchants; and upon inquiry, that was often found to be the case; and so little pains were taken to conceal them, when in the possession of the merchants, that they were driven in flocks through the town, under the inspection of a keeper, who overawed them with a whip, like so many sheep carrying to the slaughter. Not only were these flocks of unhappy children locked up in barns, and places of private confinement, but even the tel-booth and public workhouses were made receptacles for them, and a town officer employed in keeping them. Parties of worthless fellows, like press-gangs, were hired to patrol the streets, and seize by force such boys as seemed proper subjects for the slave trade. The practice was but too general. The names of no less than fifteen merchants, concerned in this trade, are mentioned in the proof; and when so many are singled out by the witnesses, it is hardly to be imagined it should be confined to these only, but that they must have omitted many, who were either principals or abettors and decoys in this infamous traffic. Some of the witnesses depone, that it was the general opinion that the magistrates themselves had a hand in it. But what exceeds every proof, and is equal to an acknowledgment, is, that from a book of accounts, recovered on leading the proof, recording the expenses laid out on a cargo of these unfortunate objects, it appears, that no less than sixty-nine

boys and girls were carried over to America along with me, all of whom suffered the same fate of being shipwrecked, and many of them that of being sold as slaves.

“ After such a demonstration of my veracity, and the maltreatment I had formerly suffered, the reader, it is believed, cannot but reflect, with some degree of indignation, on the iniquitous sentence of the magistrates of Aberdeen, and commiserate the dismal situation to which I was reduced, in consequence of that tyrannical decision. Stript at once of my all, and of my only means of subsistence,—branded with the character of a vagrant and imposter, and stigmatized as such in the Aberdeen Journal,—banished from the capital of the county wherein I was born, and left to the mercy of the wide world, loaded with all the infamy that malice could invent: What a deplorable situation is this! I could not help considering myself in a more wretched state, to be reduced to submit to such barbarities in a civilized country, and the place of my nativity, than when a captive among the savage Indians, who boast not of humanity!”—*Peter Williamson.*

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER OF NEW YORK.

Page 217.

This ballad narrates the illicit amour of the parson's daughter with her father's clerk, which had the effect of producing two illegitimate children; but to cover the shame to which she would thereby have been exposed, contrived to murder them. In the midst of her pretended jollity, the souls of the children appeared, and informed her of the nature and extent of the punishment she had to suffer for their murder. In all the parts of punishment she seemed to acquiesce, but that of being porter in hell for the space of seven years.

THE GORDONS AND THE GRANTS.

Page 220.

The Grants assert themselves to be of a Danish descent, from Aquin de Grand, or Grant. Sir John de Grant is one of those mentioned in the debates which fell out after the death of King Alexander III.

“ In the year 1628, John Grant of Balmadulloch had man-

dered John Grant of Carroun, nephew to James de Grant, in the wood of Abernethy; but having purchased a respite, and afterwards a pardon, which so irritated James de Grant, that he broke out into open rebellion, turned lawless, and upon the third day of December, he, with his accomplices, came to the town and lands of Pitchess, young Balnadalloch's dwelling place, who with about thirty persons was within, while the said James Grant well enough knew, and to train him out he sets his corn-yard on fire, and hail laigh-biggings, barns, byres, stables, wherein many horse, nolt and sheep were burnt, and sic bestial as was not burnt they slew and destroyed; but young Balnadalloch kept the house, and durst not come out and make any defence. In like manner the said James Grant with his complices, upon the seventh day of the said month of December, past to the town and lands of Talquhyn pertaining to old Balnadalloch, and burnt up and destroyed the hail bigging thereof, corns, cattle, goods and gear, and all which they could get, and to the hills goes he."—*Spalding*.

"James Gordon, heir apparent to Alexander Gordon of Lesmore, in Essie, accompanied with some neighbouring gentlemen, went to the house of Balnadalloch, on the banks of the Spey, to assist his aunt, the lady dowager of that land, against John Grant, tutor of Balnadalloch, who seemed resolute on injuring his pupil and refusing her jointure; but, on the appearance of James Gordon, the jointure money was restored to the lady, a moiety excepted, which notwithstanding he would have from the tutor, thinking it a disgrace to him and family should his aunt lose the least particle of her dowry. After some altercation, a skirmish ensued among the servants with culinary and other weapons, which being terminated, James Gordon returned home. Hereupon the Lesmore family persuade John Gordon, brother to Sir Thomas Gordon of Cluny, to marry the Lady Dowager of Balnadalloch, which he performed. The tutor became chagrined at the union of the Grant and Gordon families, and watched his opportunity of revenge. Aided by the persuasive rhetoric of the Laird of Grant, he assaulted the servants of John Gordon, and killed one of them. Gordon, enraged at these proceedings, eagerly pursued the tutor, and all the families that entertained him or his servants, and caused them be proclaimed rebels and traitors, and then out-

lawed ; he likewise moved the Earl of Huntly to search them out, by virtue of his sheriff's commission of the county. Huntly next besieged the house of Balnadalloch, and on the 2d of November 1590, made it surrender, but the tutor escaped. Then Calder and Grant began to put their preconcerted scheme in execution, and fomented the clan Chattan, and M'Intosh their chief, to rebel, and aid the Grants."—*Conflicts of the Clans*.

" This they easily acceded to, in revenge of the death of William M'Intosh, whom they sent to Gordon Castle to treat of peace, as the clan had refused vassalage to Huntly. The Earl was absent when M'Intosh arrived, and announced the message to the Countess. The Countess heard his tale, and turning round told him, that Huntly had vowed never to be reconciled, until the chief of the clan Chattan's head was on the block. To shew his steady adherence to the clan, and not dreading the Countess, he laid his head on the table in token of submission ; which the Countess seeing, took up a large culinary knife, and severed his head from his shoulders. He was sister's son to the Earl of Murray, natural brother to King James V. who dying without issue, Huntly got the management of the Earldom ; and on its being conferred on Steuart, Huntly became his mortal enemy."—*Mann's Commentaries on Logan*.

THE CUCKOLD SAILOR.

Page 221.

Sailors' wives, in general, are not the most faithful to their husbands' beds, when they are plowing the watery main. We have, in the present ballad, a fair specimen of an adept in the art of deceiving. That this piece may be the more easily understood, the following explanation, I presume, will not be found altogether unnecessary :—The sailor's wife had made an appointment with her gallant to admit him unto her embraces that night, upon the usual private signal or watch-word being given, which he was to make at her window, at the time appointed ; but as fate would have it, the sailor unexpectedly arrives, and to his astonishment hears a whistling at the window.—He asks her the cause, when she informs him it was nothing but a bird called a cuckold, whistling, and requests him to be quiet and she would sing him a song, and be-

give with an address to her pursuer, as given in the first verse; but he not perceiving its meaning, and her sister continuing still at the window, the sister questions her again and again on its meaning, but still receives evasive answers, and continues to sing to the satisfaction of all parties, the disappointed lover excepted, who was obliged, in the end, to go away disappointed.

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

Page 222.

This pathetic ballad will remind many of my readers on the "Minister's Daughter of New York," previously given in page 217 of this Collection. The incidents and narrative are nearly the same. Sir Walter Scott gives a few straggling lines of this ballad in his note to "Lady Anne," vol. ii. p. 234, of the *Border Minstrelsy*, where he says, he had heard a fragment of it sung in his childhood. And in vol. iii. p. 80, of the same work, in the note to the "Cruel Sister," he gives a few additional lines. The burden of the piece is nearly the same, such as—"Edinburgh, Edinburgh—Stirling for aye," and "Bonny St Johnston stands upon Tay."—In Wetherspoon's Collection, vol. ii. p. 237, are a few mutilated stanzas.

This is the only complete copy of the ballad with which I have ever been able to meet.

WALLACE AND HIS LEMAN.

Page 226.

Every Scotman who has arrived at the years of manhood, must have read, with sorrow and regret, the unfortunate fate, and ignominious end of the brave and magnanimous Sir William Wallace, by some designated the Protector of his country, as he freed it from the thralldom of a tyrannic foe. The historical account of this ballad is to be found in the fourth chapter of the *Metrical Life of Wallace*, where it is said, as expressed in the ballad, which is evidently very old, that the woman, in whom he had placed too much confidence, had, like her predecessor Dalilah, sold him to his inveterate enemies; and, like her, recanted, and made him aware of his danger, whereby he escaped from their fangs for a time. But his *stay and independence* were of short duration. There was found

In the little band of friends that followed him, another Judas; who, for the sake of lucre, betrayed his master. This great and faithful patriot, invulnerable to all the threats, bribes, and stratagems of Edward, King of England, became the prey of the traitor Sir John Monteith, in the year 1305, and was inhumanly and barbarously murdered and quartered in London;—his head placed upon the bridge of that city, and his four quarters sent to Scotland, all for the love that he bore to weeping Caledonia. He had previously said, "That he owed his life to, and would frankly lay it down for his country: that should all Scotchmen but himself submit to the King of England, he never could, nor would he give obedience, or swear allegiance to any power, save to the King of Scotland, his righteous Sovereign." He may then be called a true martyr, having thus sealed his love to his country with his blood and death.

MAY-A-ROE.

Page 231.

A somewhat similar, but imperfect ballad I have seen, under the title of "Jellon Grame." This one is of that olden texture, as makes the antiquarian reader admire it. The tale is happily conceived, and as happily told, though partly romantic. A young knight, under the cloud of friendship and disguise, sends his page to his brother's sweetheart, and decoys her to a wood, where he, without the least remorse, or qualm of conscience, murders her; but takes up the young child with which she was then pregnant to his brother;—carries it home, puts it out to nurse and educate. The child in a short time waxed strong, and, by a strange and unaccountable fatality, revenged the death of his mother, by killing her murderer and his uncle in the place where her blood had been spilt, and himself born. From this we may see that text of Scripture verified, where it is said,—"Innocent blood calleth from the ground."

AULD MATRONS.

Page 238.

Old Matrons was one of those old maids who will not love themselves, nor allow others so to do. Her own son was nearly

set, and she envied all others who were possessed of the privilege of light and heat. She had no doubt been placed as a guardian or spy over the actions of the young spinster and seamstress, and was determined not to lose an opportunity of discharging her trust ; for which she received the ample reward of half-a-merk in the first place, and in the second, the loss of her life, to which she was justly entitled for the envious manner in which she had acted towards this young but happy pair.

THE RIGWOODIE CARLIN.

Page 241.

In this ballad, we have a fine portrait of a young and wanton widow courting a second husband, with all the artifices of her sex ; but he, like a blate wooer, at first pretends not to understand her, and will not, upon easy terms, conclude a bargain. He is at length obliged to admit he understands her designs, as she promises to consummate the agreement with good fare, and to take him to the bed with herself.

THE SCOTTISH SQUIRE.

Page 245.

Of this ballad, I have been fortunate enough to obtain two copies, somewhat different from each other. The one which I took down from recitation, I have given here ; the other, which was sent me in MS. I forwarded to my good friend William Motherwell, Esquire, Paisley, who gave it a place in his *Minstrely Ancient and Modern*, under the title of "The Jolly Goshawk." As I am no advocate for supplying breaches in one copy with the redundant stanzas of another, I have given this copy as recited, without being collated with its twin-brother. I have in general adopted this system, even when I had it in my power to have done otherwise ; as, in many cases, I have duplicates of the same ballad, considerably different from each other. Sir Walter Scott has given an edition of it, made up from several MSS. and printed copies. After all, it falls short of the merit of the present one, both in delineation of character, and detail of incident. Witchery, with its attendant train, have been invoked, to aid and assist the English lady in her stratagem to gain her Scottish Lord, which

she did to the confusion and admiration of her brothers, who came to bury her in Scotland, agreeably to her earnest request. Once she touched Scottish ground, like a city of refuge, she was free from the threatenings of her pursuers :—it proved to her an asylum of pleasure, of which she stood in need. In this ballad, the parrot takes place of the goshawk, which is, by far, a more likely messenger to carry a love-letter, or deliver a verbal message.

JOHN O' HAZELGREEN.

Page 253.

This appears to be the original ballad of the name, which contains poetical beauties to be found no where else ; and, in all probability, has suggested the idea of Sir Walter Scott's Border ballad of Jock of Hazeldean. For indeed, what could be more beautiful than the following ?

Why weep ye by the tide, ladye ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?

And again,—

And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For John o' Hazelgreen, &c.

WILLIE'S FATAL VISIT.

Page 259.

This ballad narrates the unfortunate parting of two lovers by the falsity of a cock, who had crowed long before the witching time of night had fled. Most readers are so amply stocked with relations of ghosts and demons ; how the witches whirl through the air, raise tempests, torment human bodies in a thousand different shapes and ways, that it would be superfluous to add any more here ; so that I shall only express my disbelief of the power of a ghost or spirit, immaterial as it must be, of being capable of destroying a human body, a material substance ; but such it happened with poor Willie, as he bent his way homewards, and all because he had forgot to say his prayers when he took the road.—Lovers, remember this when you go a-wooing !

HYND HASTING.

Page 262.

In many of the old ballads we meet with the name of Hynd and Hind, which signifies, in some cases, a female stag in its third year; also, one of a family or servant; but here, it may be said to mean neither; but, as in some other cases, kind, courteous, &c. On the whole, the ballad is of that legendary cast, as to puzzle the most consummate antiquary to know its purport or meaning. It must have been composed at a very early period. Burd Hamlet, the heroine, aids and assists hynd Hasting, her lover, to murder her father, mother, and three brothers, with whom she afterwards eloped, and continued in his company in good greenwood for about a year; when, under the pretence of selling her kine, she went to Ha'broom. It would appear he was rather unwilling to trust her away from him, and no wonder; for who would put any confidence in a parricide? Ha'broom, the residence of the unclean men, to which she went, and continued for some time, would seem to be the name of a place now obsolete in the geographical vocabulary and grammar, and its inhabitants not earthly, but a kind of evil or polluted spirits, distinct from those of men. She was afterwards found by her former lover, in a wood, in a ragged and miserable condition, as he had, upon her account, united himself to a band of robbers. It is however possible, that their uncleanness might have been a sort of leprosy, which forbade them the company of the clean, or unpolluted.

BONDSEY AND MAISRY.

Page 265.

This traditionary ballad has a striking resemblance to that of "Young Benjie;" so much so, that I am inclined to think it must have been a scion off the same stock. Superstition is heightened to a great degree by the relation of witch and ghost stories of old women to their grand-children, while sitting round a smiling ingle in the dark and dreary nights of sullen December. In fact, it may be said to constitute the rudiments, or first part of their education, as grandmothers generally act the part of dry nurses. I have been surprised to see some middle-aged, and, in some respects, well-informed people, so prepossessed with a belief of the

soul's returning to the body, and giving and answering questions, as hardly to be credited by those who are strangers to the customs of the lower orders in Scotland. In the case of murder, it is said that the body of the deceased will bleed afresh on being touched by the hand of the murderer; which, in many cases, were held as sufficient evidence to condemn a person, who otherwise denied the deed. As Scotland is full of such instances, I forbear mentioning any of them. Mairy's brothers were of the opinion, that a conjuror could make her body speak, (perhaps by Galvanism,) as may be seen in the sixth *verse*.

THE TWA KNIGHTS.

Page 271.

I am not inclined to think that these two knights were brothers according to the flesh, but brothers sworn according to the order of the knights of St. John, or Malta. The first order of knighthood was religious, and afterwards military, established in the year 1048, for the protection of the Crusaders. Since that time, great changes have taken place in the different degrees of knighthood, every king, and every country, having an order of their own. As many of the deeds which are recorded to have been done in this Collection of Ancient Ballads, are said to have been performed by knights, I had contemplated a more particular account of the rise, progress, and different degrees of knighthood; but, in the present note, shall only say something regarding modern knights-errant; a race of men pretty common in the present day, and to which order one of the knights mentioned in the ballad belonged. This name, *i. e.* the ancient Knights-Errant, was given to a set of hardy adventurers, whose profession was to run about the world in quest of broken bones, to redress wrongs done to widows, orphans, to the honour of ladies and gentle damsels. One might as soon conceive the sun without light, as a knight-errant without love: not one of them but had his fair-one to invoke in all perilous occasions. The race of these has been long extinct. In their room we have a species of modern knights-errant, whose institutes are very different. They are far from vagabonding it to Trebisond or Cetege in search of dangerous adventures. They stay at home contentedly. Their business is to promote or do wrongs: to deceive the

damsels they do know, and scandalize those they do not. A common street-walker, or one of the lowest order of females, is the lady they invoke; the taverns and ale-houses are the theatres of their exploits; and the coffee-houses the places where they trumpet their romances!

YOUNG RONALD.

Page 282.

This curious old legend I have never seen before in manuscript nor print, and suppose it to have been written at least five hundred years ago. It is full of that romantic knight-errantry of which the ancient bards of Albion were so fond. By its localities, I am at times apt to think the scene of action had been in England. King Honour, I take to be a fictitious title, merely signifying a wish to gain honour in the field of battle, and not a crowned king, but a prince or proprietor of a certain extent of land. The ancient Britons having been greatly harassed by the Scots, the Picts, and Irish, invited over the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles, to assist them in their wars, who, arriving about 450 years after the birth of Christ, were received with great joy, and saluted with songs after the accustomed manner of the Britons, who had appointed them the island of Thanet for their habitation. And not long after Hengist obtained of Vortigern, King of the Britons, the property of so much ground as he could inclose with a bull's hide, which cutting into thongs, he there built the castle called from thence *Thong Castle*: to which place he invited Vortigern, who there fell in love with Rowena, the daughter or niece of Hengist, upon which match, Hengist began to grow bold, and to think of making this island his inheritance. In order to which, he sent for fresh forces to come over to him; which being arrived, they fought and made occasions of quarrels with the natives, driving the inhabitants before them from their wonted possessions, every several captain accounting that part of the country his own where he could overmatch the Britons, commanding in it as absolute king: by which means the lands became burthened with seven of them at the first, at one and the same time. But although the land was divided into seven several kingdoms, and each of them bearing a sovereign command within

its own limits ; yet one of them ever seemed to be supreme over the rest.

In several of the old ballads, we read of King Easter, King Wester, King Gosford, King Linne, King Aulsberry, and many more in England ; and, at an early period, the Lords of the Isles in Scotland were called Kings ; and in some of the old peerages, the Dukes are called Princes, though not of the blood-royal.

From this king going to war with the foul thief, or three-headed monster, as he is called, we may see upon what fact the ballad is founded. The lady's giving him an enchanted ring as a preservative for himself and men, would augur that she had been acquainted with sorcery and magic. The supernatural powers of talismans, periapts, amulets, and charms of every description, were, at one time, firmly believed. In the 231st page of that antiquated and curious black-letter book,—The Discoverie of Witchcraft, by Reginald Scot, Esquire, printed in 1584, we find the following receipt for making a "*Wastecote of prooffe*:"—"On Christmas daie, at night, a thread must be sponne of flax, by a little virgine girle, in the name of the divell ; and it must be by her woven, and also wrought with the needle. In the breast, or forepart thereof, must be made, with needle-work, two heads ; on the head, at the right side, must be a hat and a long beard ; the left head must have on a crown, and it must be so horrible that it maie resemble Belzebub ; and on each side of the wastecote must be made a crosse."

BROOMFIELD HILLS.

Page 291.

This ballad is very old, having been mentioned in the "*Complaynt of Scotland*," printed as early as 1549. This is the only perfect and complete copy I have yet seen, although I have seen fragments of three, besides a copy in an English dress, sent me by a London correspondent.

This is perhaps the ballad to which Sir Walter Scott alludes when speaking of Lane's "*Broom, Broom on Hill*," in his *Progress of Queen Elizabeth into Warwickshire*.

THE FAIRY KNIGHT.

Page 296.

This is the only complete copy of this romantic ballad that I have been able to discover, although I have seen more than one in MS. The impossibilities contained in the ballad, and required of the Elfin Knight, suit one of those classes of beings who can do whatsoever they listeth by night, or eke by day.

BROWN ROBYN AND MALLY.

Page 299.

My informant says,—Robert Stewart was the real name of Brown Robyn, the bird that sang so sweetly in the orchard, and was gardener to the lady's father, a gentleman of great fortune on the banks of the Tweed. He married Mally, his master's only daughter, as the ballad informs us, and became possessed of an amiable wife, a fine estate, and much money thereby; blessings not daily to be met with in this country. His having been called brown, arose from his having worn brown clothes when a boy tending his cattle.

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